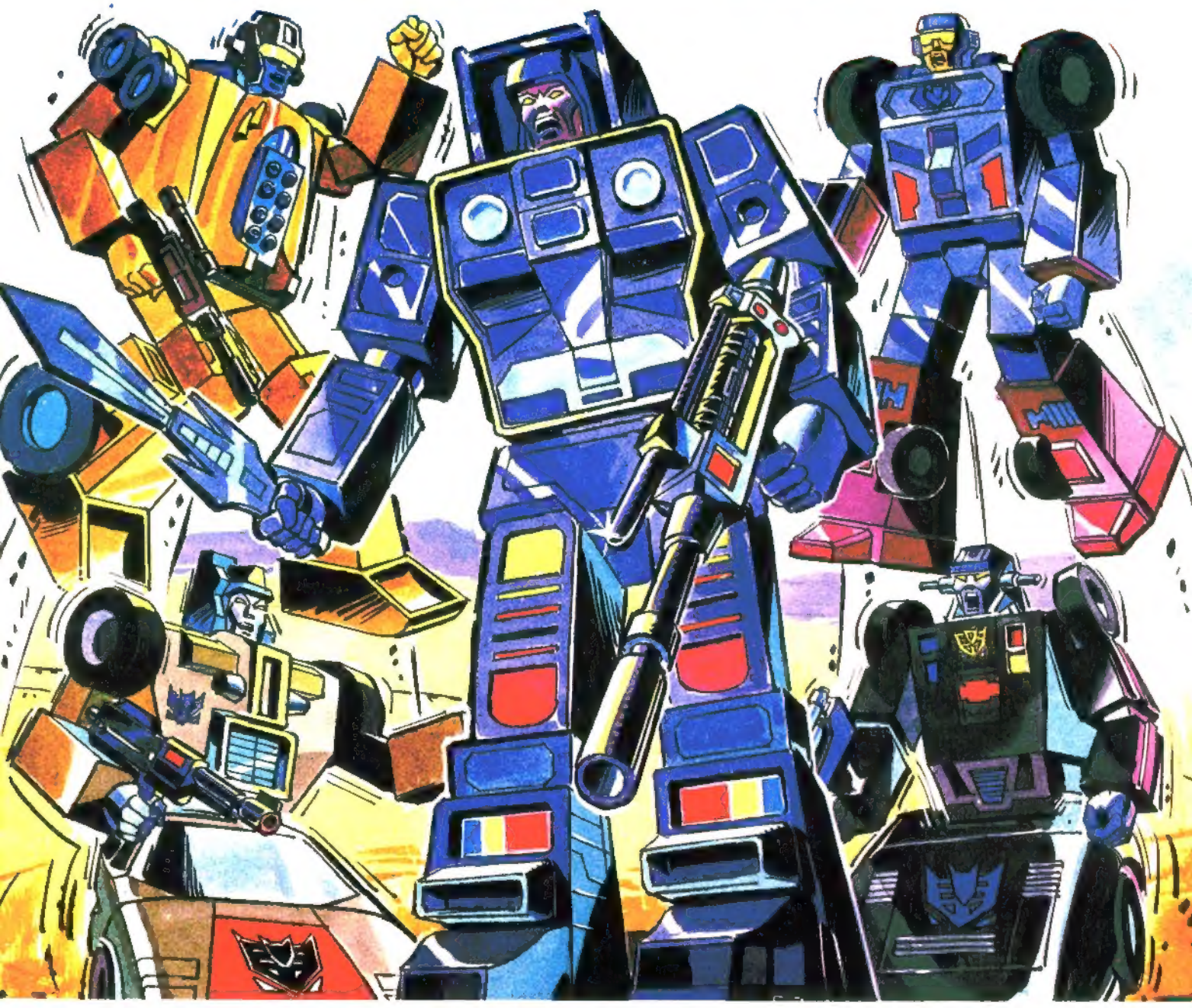
MARVEL™
13th Dec. 86
No91 30p

THE TRANSFORMERS™

HEROIC AUTOBOT

STUNTICONS MAKE MENASOR...



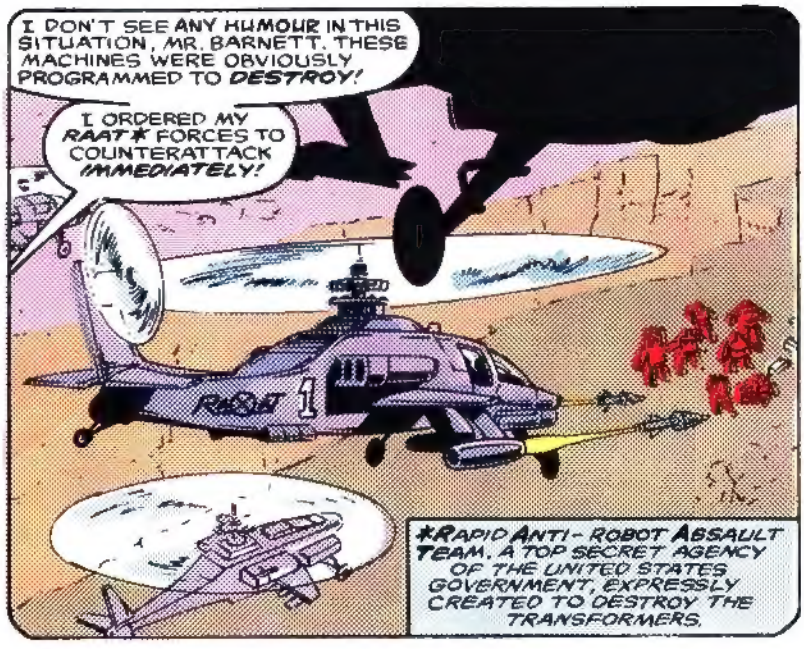
MAKE TROUBLE!

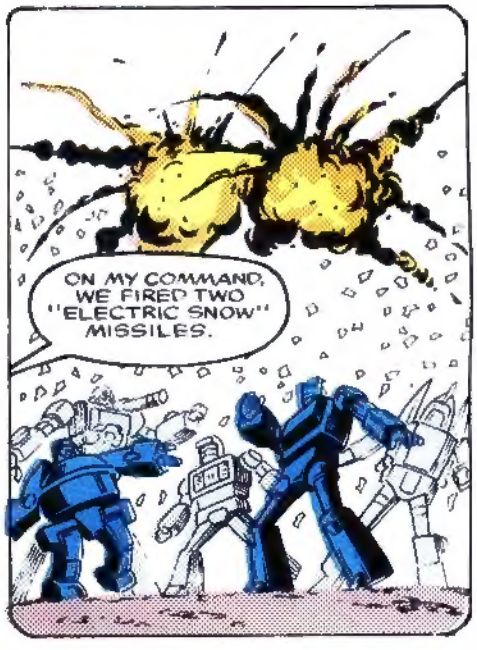
TRANSFORMERS™

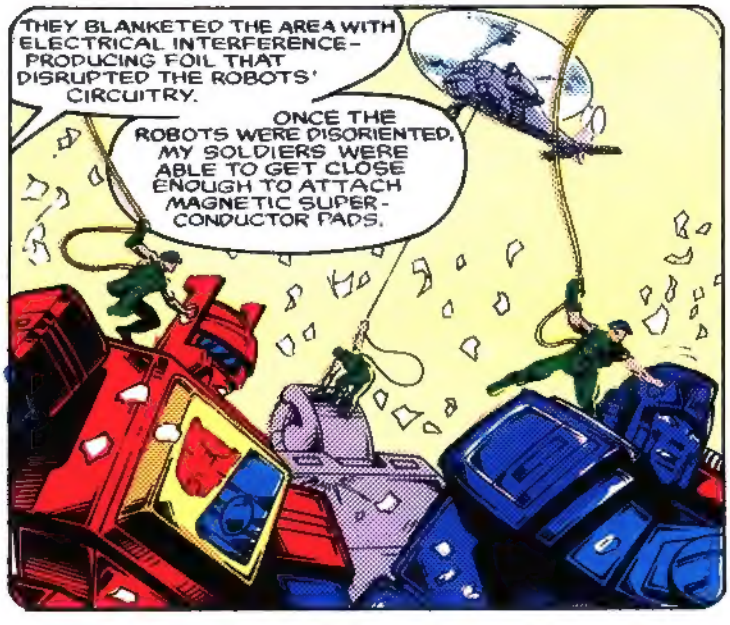
HEAVY TRAFFIC!

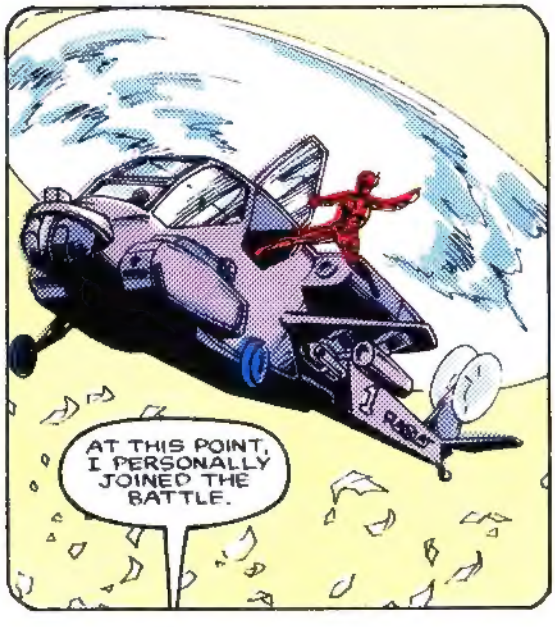
THIS WAS THE SCENE AT THE COLUMBIA RIVER GORGE WHEN MY FORCES FIRST ARRIVED, MR. BARNETT--
--SEVEN GIANT ROBOTS ABOUT TO ATTACK A GROUP OF LOCAL POLICE! SEE HOW THEY'RE ON THE BRINK OF CRUSHING THOSE VEHICLES!
POLICE
EMERGENCY 14
POLICE
OR... TALKING TO THEM.

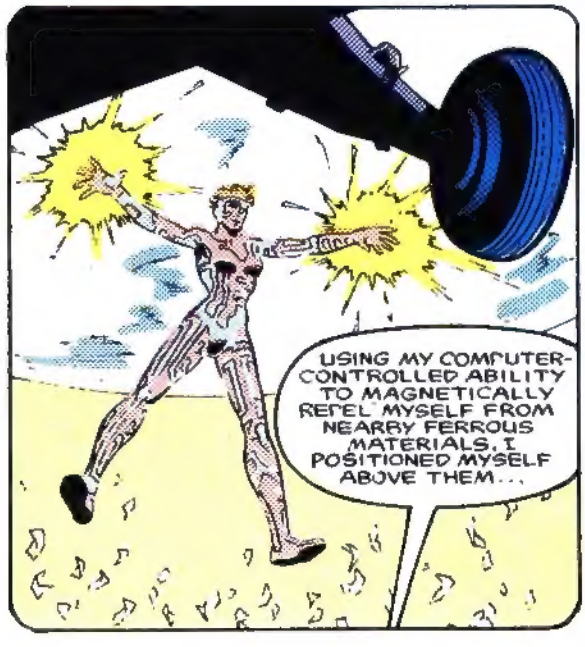
BOB BUDIANSKY WRITER • DON PERLIN PENCILLER • IAN AKIN & BRIAN GARVEY INKERS
HANS IV LETTERER • NEL YOMTOV COLOURIST • DON DALEY EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER • EDITOR IN CHIEF

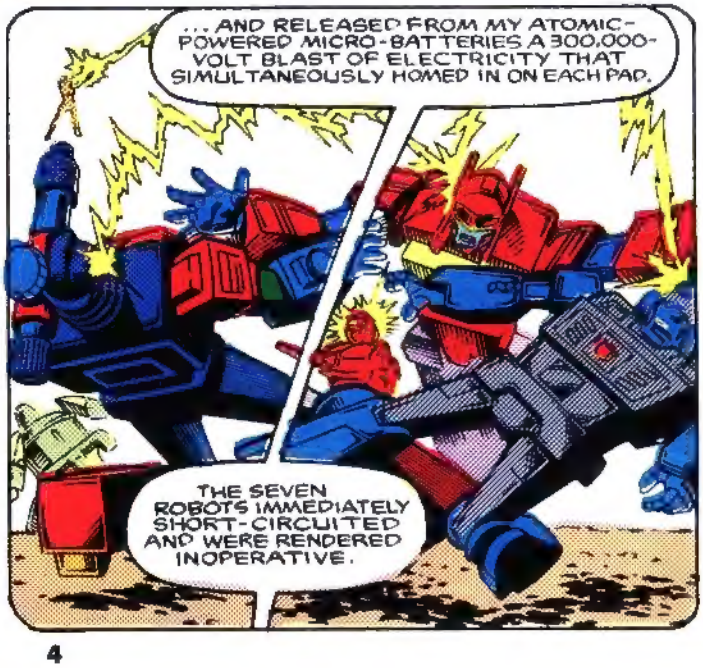

I DON'T SEE ANY HUMOUR IN THIS SITUATION, MR. BARNETT. THESE MACHINES WERE OBVIOUSLY PROGRAMMED TO DESTROY!
I ORDERED MY RAAT* FORCES TO COUNTERATTACK IMMEDIATELY!
*RAPID ANTI-ROBOT ASSAULT TEAM. A TOP SECRET AGENCY OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, EXPRESSLY CREATED TO DESTROY THE TRANSFORMERS.

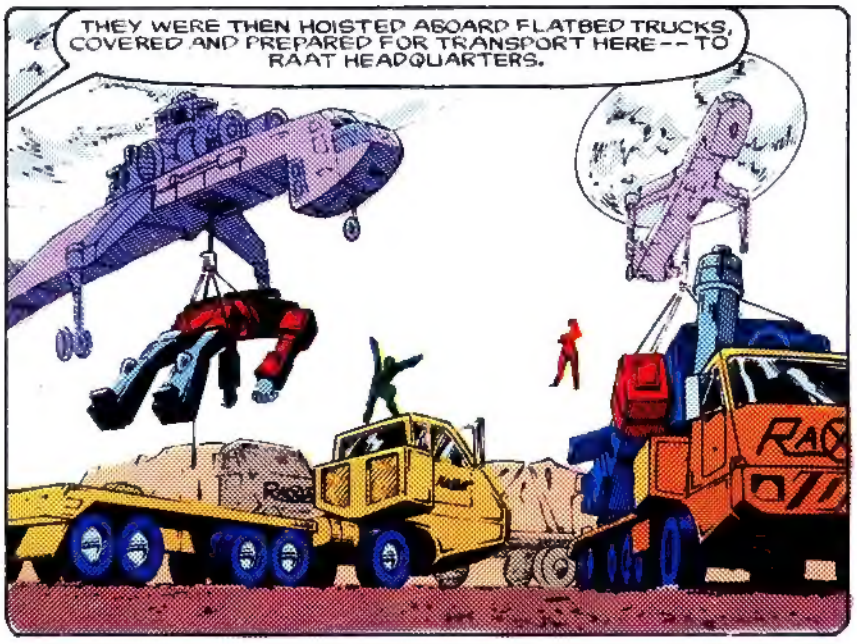

ON MY COMMAND, WE FIRED TWO "ELECTRIC SNOW" MISSILES.

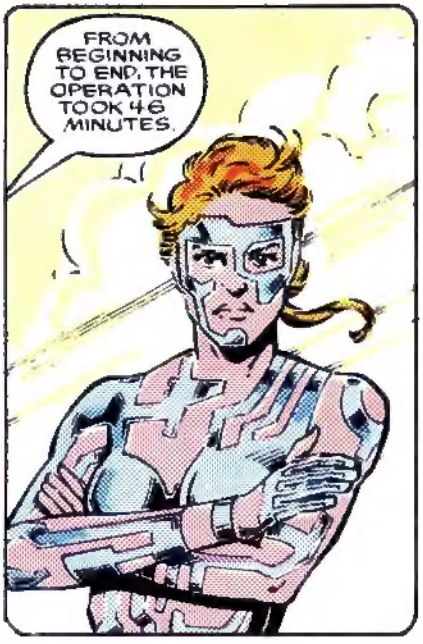

THEY BLANKETED THE AREA WITH ELECTRICAL INTERFERENCE-PRODUCING FOIL THAT DISRUPTED THE ROBOTS' CIRCUITRY.
ONCE THE ROBOTS WERE DISORIENTED, MY SOLDIERS WERE ABLE TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO ATTACH MAGNETIC SUPER-CONDUCTOR PADS.


AT THIS POINT, I PERSONALLY JOINED THE BATTLE.

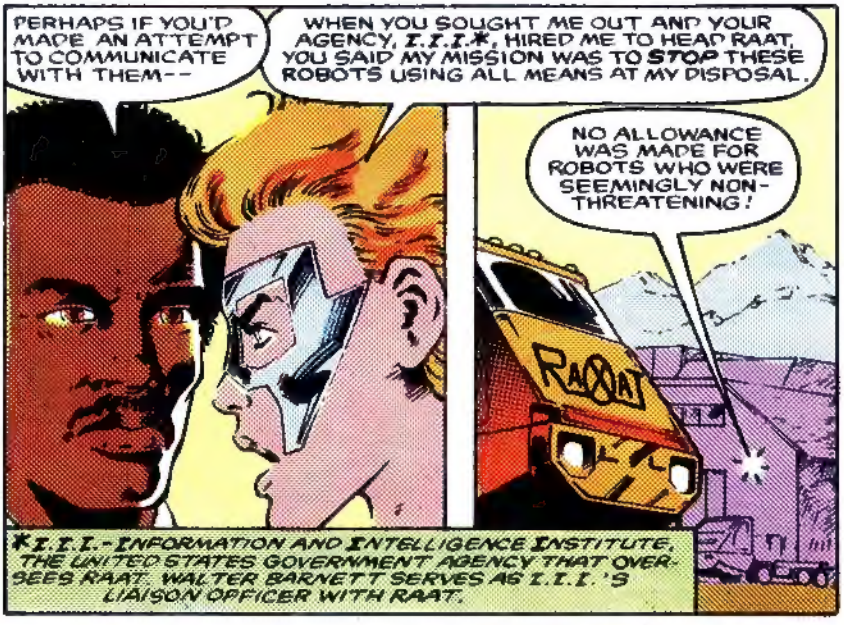

USING MY COMPUTER-CONTROLLED ABILITY TO MAGNETICALLY REPEL MYSELF FROM NEARBY FERROUS MATERIALS, I POSITIONED MYSELF ABOVE THEM...


...AND RELEASED FROM MY ATOMIC-POWERED MICRO-BATTERIES A 300,000-VOLT BLAST OF ELECTRICITY THAT SIMULTANEOUSLY HOMED IN ON EACH PAD.
THE SEVEN ROBOTS IMMEDIATELY SHORT-CIRCUITED AND WERE RENDERED INOPERATIVE.

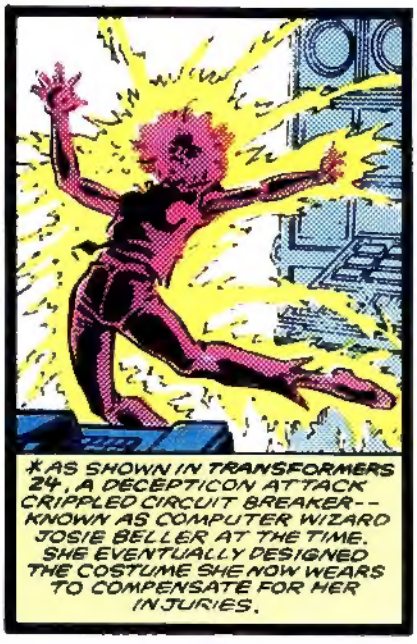

THEY WERE THEN HOISTED ABOARD FLATBED TRUCKS, COVERED AND PREPARED FOR TRANSPORT HERE -- TO RAAT HEADQUARTERS.


FROM BEGINNING TO END, THE OPERATION TOOK 46 MINUTES.

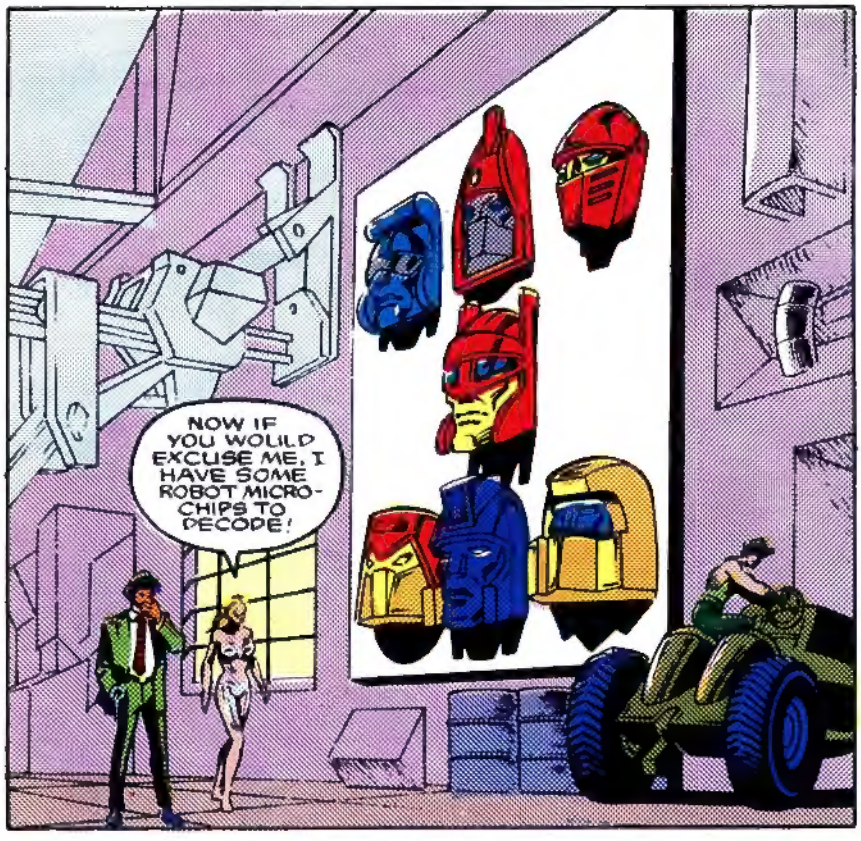
A VERY IMPRESSIVE DEMONSTRATION OF YOUR FORCES' CAPABILITIES ON YOUR FIRST OPERATION, CIRCUIT BREAKER. CONGRATULATIONS!
THANK YOU, MR BARNETT.
BUT TELL ME. DO YOU THINK SO MUCH FORCE WAS REALLY NECESSARY?
NONE OF THOSE ROBOTS HAD COMMITTED ANY HOSTILE ACTS.

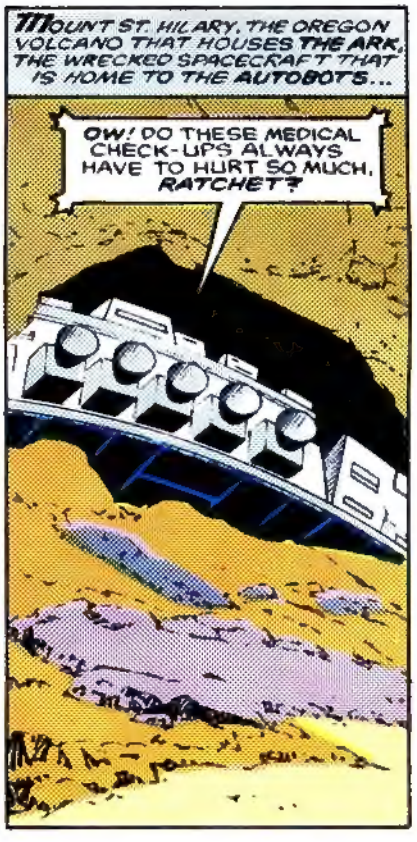

PERHAPS IF YOU'D MADE AN ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE WITH THEM--
WHEN YOU SOUGHT ME OUT AND YOUR AGENCY, I.I.I.*, HIRED ME TO HEAD RAAT, YOU SAID MY MISSION WAS TO STOP THESE ROBOTS USING ALL MEANS AT MY DISPOSAL.
NO ALLOWANCE WAS MADE FOR ROBOTS WHO WERE SEEMINGLY NON-THREATENING!
*I.I.I. - INFORMATION AND INTELLIGENCE INSTITUTE, THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AGENCY THAT OVERSEES RAAT. WALTER BARNETT SERVES AS I.I.I.'S LIAISON OFFICER WITH RAAT.

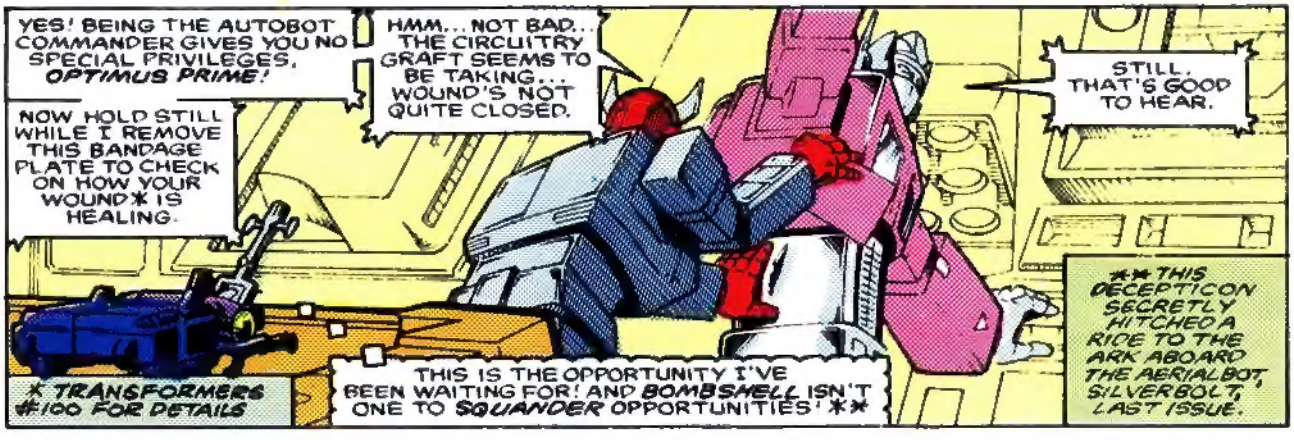
LOOK, DON'T GET ME WRONG, I WASN'T CRITICIZING. IN FACT, I CAME HERE TO GIVE YOU THIS CHECK -- A BONUS FOR A JOB WELL DONE!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, DO YOU?!
I DIDN'T TAKE THIS JOB FOR THE MONEY! NO AMOUNT OF MONEY COULD MAKE UP FOR WHAT THOSE ROBOTS DID TO ME! *

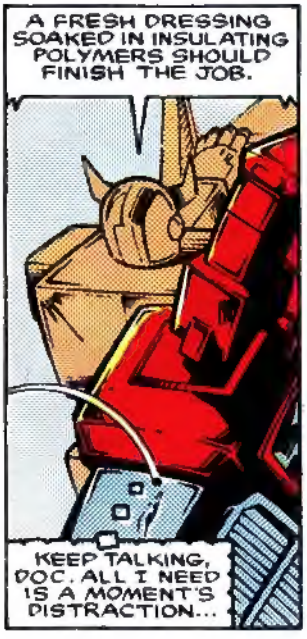

*AS SHOWN IN TRANSFORMERS 24, A DECEPTICON ATTACK CRIPPLED CIRCUIT BREAKER -- KNOWN AS COMPUTER WIZARD JOSIE BELLER AT THE TIME. SHE EVENTUALLY DESIGNED THE COSTUME SHE NOW WEARS TO COMPENSATE FOR HER INJURIES.

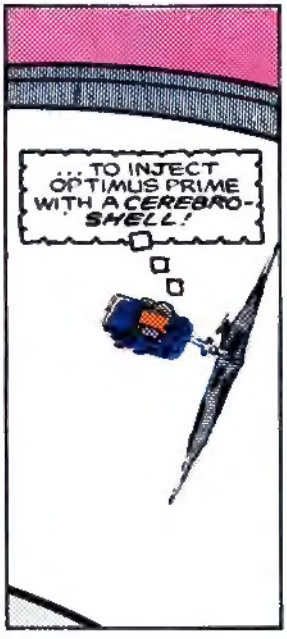
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR BONUS, MR. BARNETT.

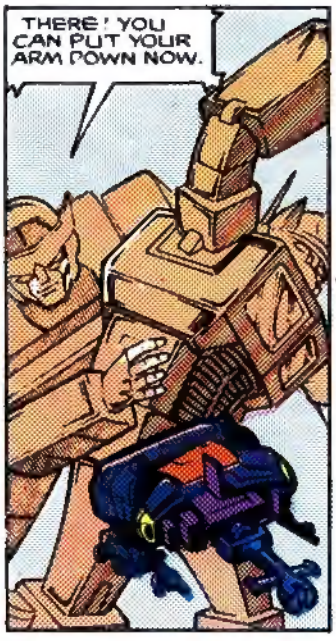

NOW IF YOU WOULD EXCUSE ME, I HAVE SOME ROBOT MICRO-CHIPS TO DECODE!


MOUNT ST. HILARY, THE OREGON VOLCANO THAT HOUSES THE ARK, THE WRECKED SPACECRAFT THAT IS HOME TO THE AUTOBOTS...
OW! DO THESE MEDICAL CHECK-UPS ALWAYS HAVE TO HURT SO MUCH, RATCHET?

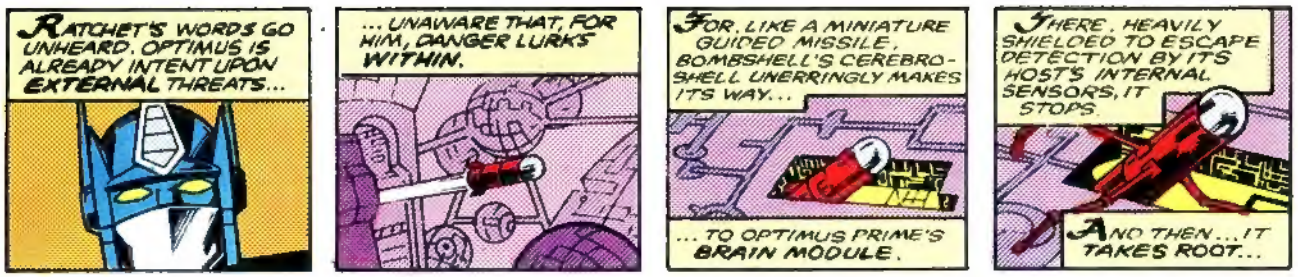

YES! BEING THE AUTOBOT COMMANDER GIVES YOU NO SPECIAL PRIVILEGES, OPTIMUS PRIME!
HMM... NOT BAD... THE CIRCUITRY GRAFT SEEMS TO BE TAKING... WOUND'S NOT QUITE CLOSED.
STILL, THAT'S GOOD TO HEAR.
NOW HOLD STILL WHILE I REMOVE THIS BANDAGE PLATE TO CHECK ON HOW YOUR WOUND* IS HEALING.
* TRANSFORMERS #100 FOR DETAILS
THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! AND BOMBSHELL ISN'T ONE TO SQUANDER OPPORTUNITIES! **
** THIS DECEPTICON SECRETLY HITCHED A RIDE TO THE ARK ABOARD THE AERIALBOT, SILVERBOLT, LAST ISSUE.

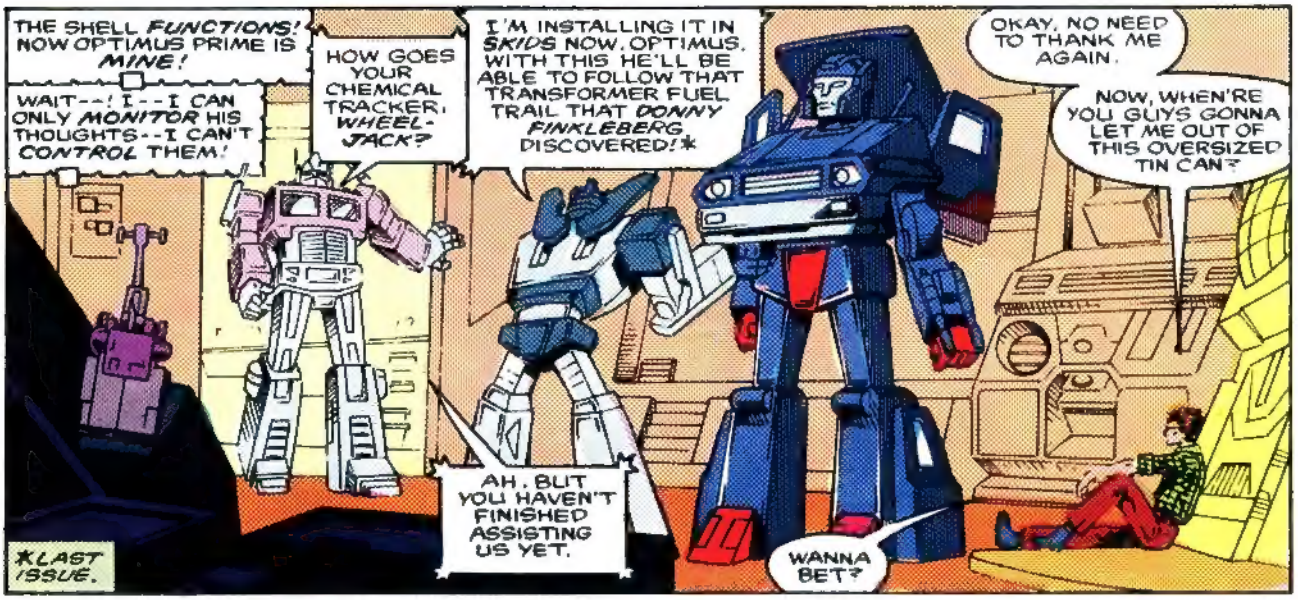

A FRESH DRESSING SOAKED IN INSULATING POLYMERS SHOULD FINISH THE JOB.
KEEP TALKING, DOC. ALL I NEED IS A MOMENT'S DISTRACTION...

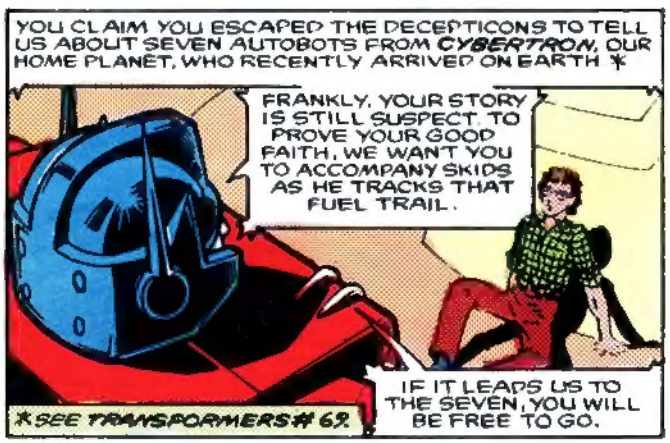

... TO INJECT OPTIMUS PRIME WITH A CEREBRO-SHELL!


THERE! YOU CAN PUT YOUR ARM DOWN NOW.

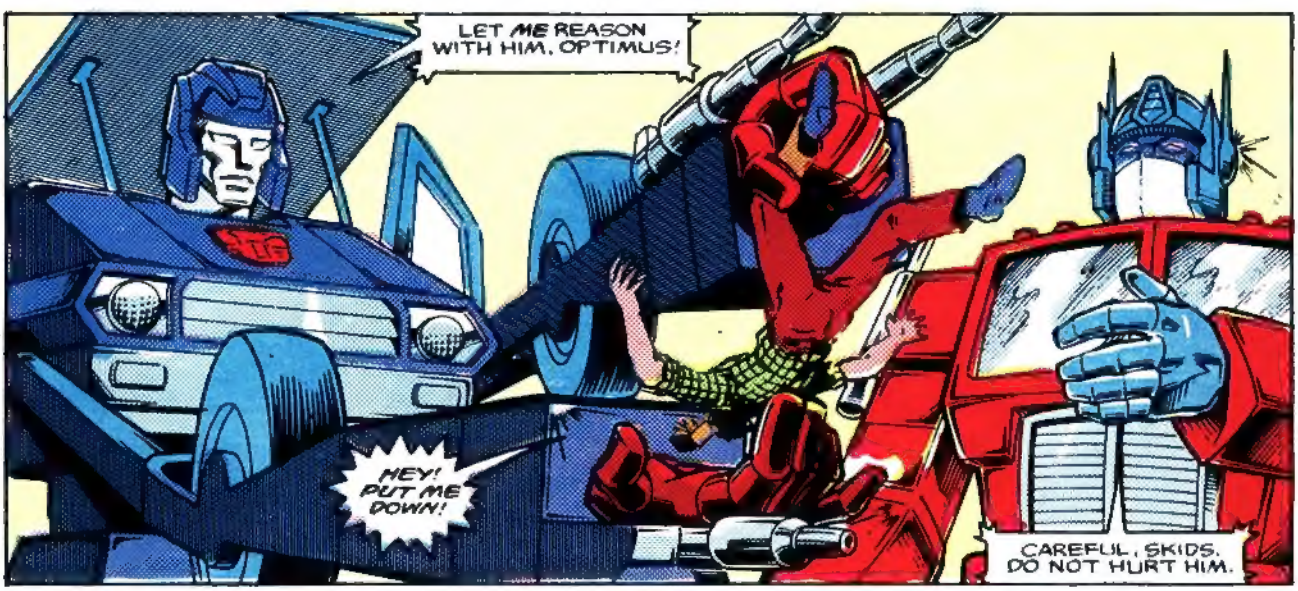
THANK YOU, DOCTOR.
DON'T FORGET-- ANOTHER APPOINTMENT IN TWO DAYS.

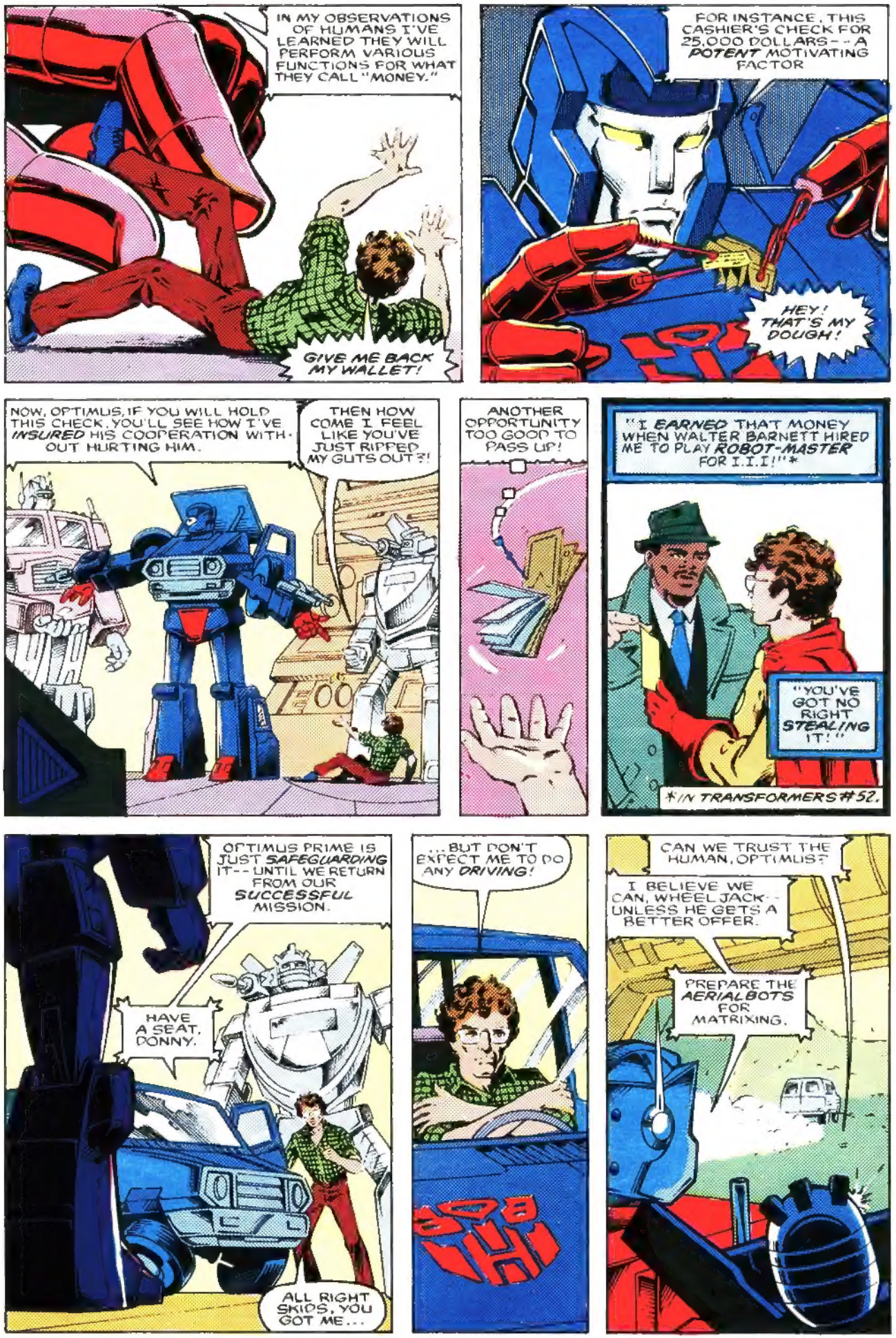

RATCHET'S WORDS GO UNHEARD. OPTIMUS IS ALREADY INTENT UPON EXTERNAL THREATS...
...UNAWARE THAT, FOR HIM, DANGER LURKS WITHIN.
FOR, LIKE A MINIATURE GUIDED MISSILE, BOMBSHELL'S CEREBRO-SHELL UNERRINGLY MAKES ITS WAY...
...TO OPTIMUS PRIME'S BRAIN MODULE.
THERE, HEAVILY SHIELDED TO ESCAPE DETECTION BY ITS HOST'S INTERNAL SENSORS, IT STOPS.
AND THEN...IT TAKES ROOT...

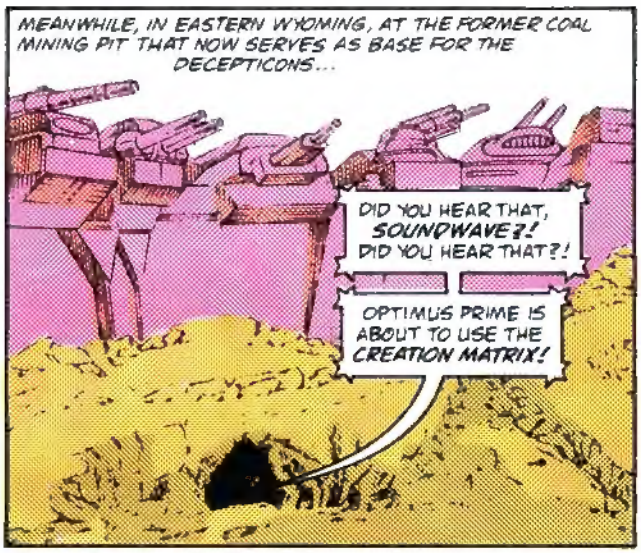

THE SHELL FUNCTIONS! NOW OPTIMUS PRIME IS MINE!
WAIT--! I--I CAN ONLY MONITOR HIS THOUGHTS--I CAN'T CONTROL THEM!
HOW GOES YOUR CHEMICAL TRACKER, WHEELJACK?
I'M INSTALLING IT IN SKIDS NOW, OPTIMUS. WITH THIS HE'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THAT TRANSFORMER FUEL TRAIL THAT DONNY FINKLEBERG DISCOVERED!*
OKAY, NO NEED TO THANK ME AGAIN.
NOW, WHEN'RE YOU GUYS GONNA LET ME OUT OF THIS OVERSIZED TIN CAN?
AH, BUT YOU HAVEN'T FINISHED ASSISTING US YET.
WANNA BET?
*LAST ISSUE.

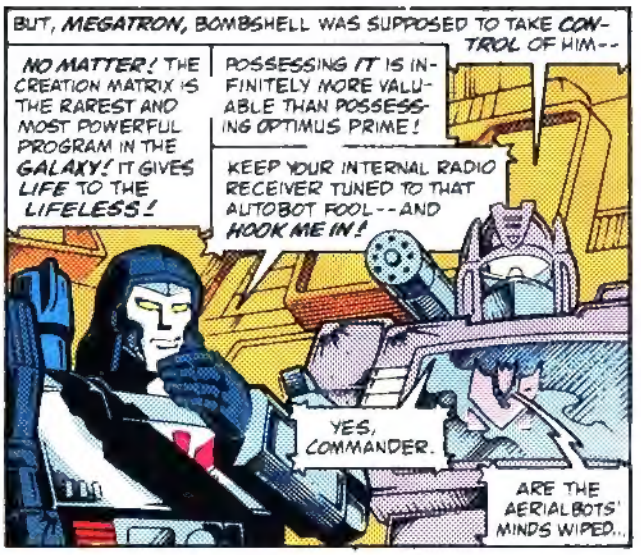

YOU CLAIM YOU ESCAPED THE DECEPTICONS TO TELL US ABOUT SEVEN AUTOBOTS FROM CYBERTRON, OUR HOME PLANET, WHO RECENTLY ARRIVED ON EARTH *
FRANKLY, YOUR STORY IS STILL SUSPECT. TO PROVE YOUR GOOD FAITH, WE WANT YOU TO ACCOMPANY SKIDS AS HE TRACKS THAT FUEL TRAIL.
IF IT LEADS US TO THE SEVEN, YOU WILL BE FREE TO GO.
*SEE TRANSFORMERS #69.

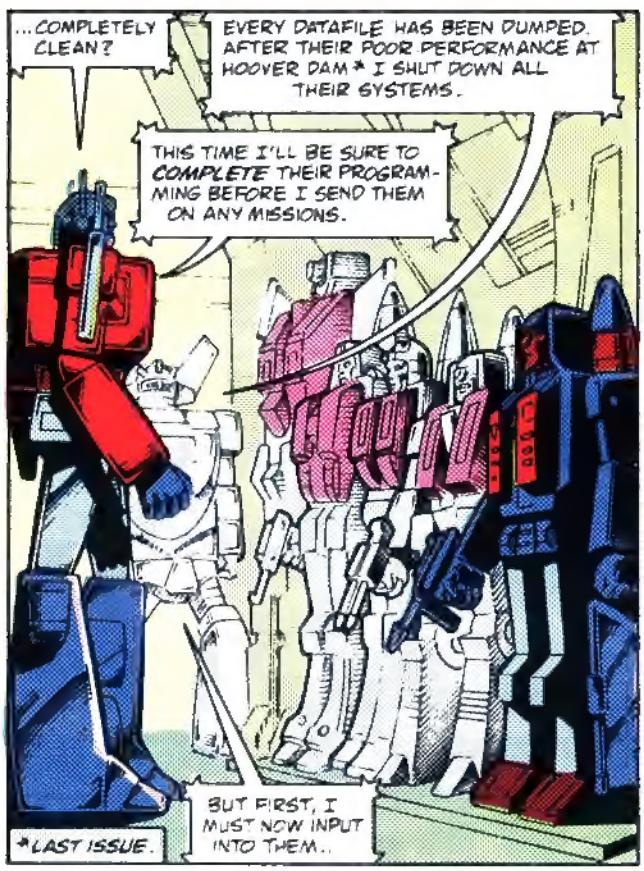
AND WHAT IF I REFUSE?! WHAT ARE YOU SO-CALLED HEROES GONNA DO--SEND ME TO MY ROOM WITHOUT DINNER?!


LET ME REASON WITH HIM, OPTIMUS!
HEY! PUT ME DOWN!
CAREFUL, SKIDS. DO NOT HURT HIM.

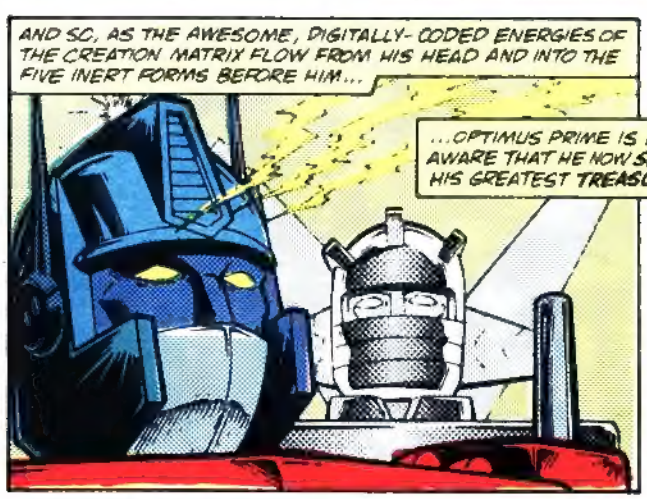

IN MY OBSERVATIONS OF HUMANS I'VE LEARNED THEY WILL PERFORM VARIOUS FUNCTIONS FOR WHAT THEY CALL "MONEY."
GIVE ME BACK MY WALLET!
FOR INSTANCE, THIS CASHIER'S CHECK FOR 25,000 DOLLARS--A POTENT MOTIVATING FACTOR
HEY! THAT'S MY DOUGH!
NOW, OPTIMUS, IF YOU WILL HOLD THIS CHECK, YOU'LL SEE HOW I'VE INSURED HIS COOPERATION WITHOUT HURTING HIM.
THEN HOW COME I FEEL LIKE YOU'VE JUST RIPPED MY GUTS OUT?!
ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TOO GOOD TO PASS UP!
"I EARNED THAT MONEY WHEN WALTER BARNETT HIRED ME TO PLAY ROBOT-MASTER FOR I.I.I!"*
"YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT STEALING IT!"
*IN TRANSFORMERS #52.
OPTIMUS PRIME IS JUST SAFEGUARDING IT--UNTIL WE RETURN FROM OUR SUCCESSFUL MISSION.
HAVE A SEAT, DONNY.
ALL RIGHT SKIDS, YOU GOT ME...
...BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO DO ANY DRIVING!
CAN WE TRUST THE HUMAN, OPTIMUS?
I BELIEVE WE CAN, WHEELJACK--UNLESS HE GETS A BETTER OFFER.
PREPARE THE AERIALBOTS FOR MATRIXING.

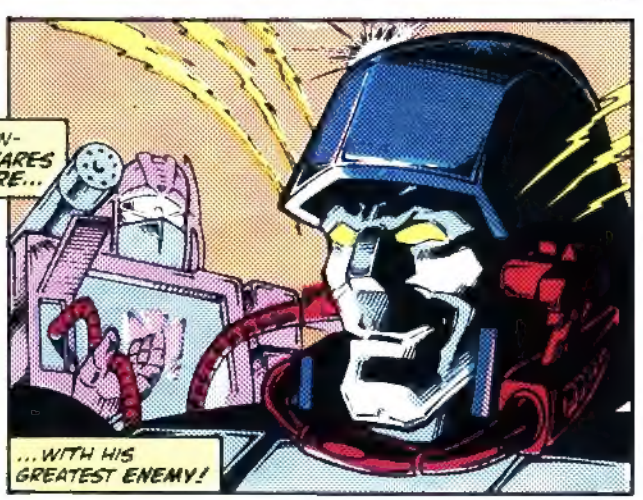

MEANWHILE, IN EASTERN WYOMING, AT THE FORMER COAL MINING PIT THAT NOW SERVES AS BASE FOR THE DECEPTICONS...
DID YOU HEAR THAT, SOUNDWAVE?! DID YOU HEAR THAT?!
OPTIMUS PRIME IS ABOUT TO USE THE CREATION MATRIX!

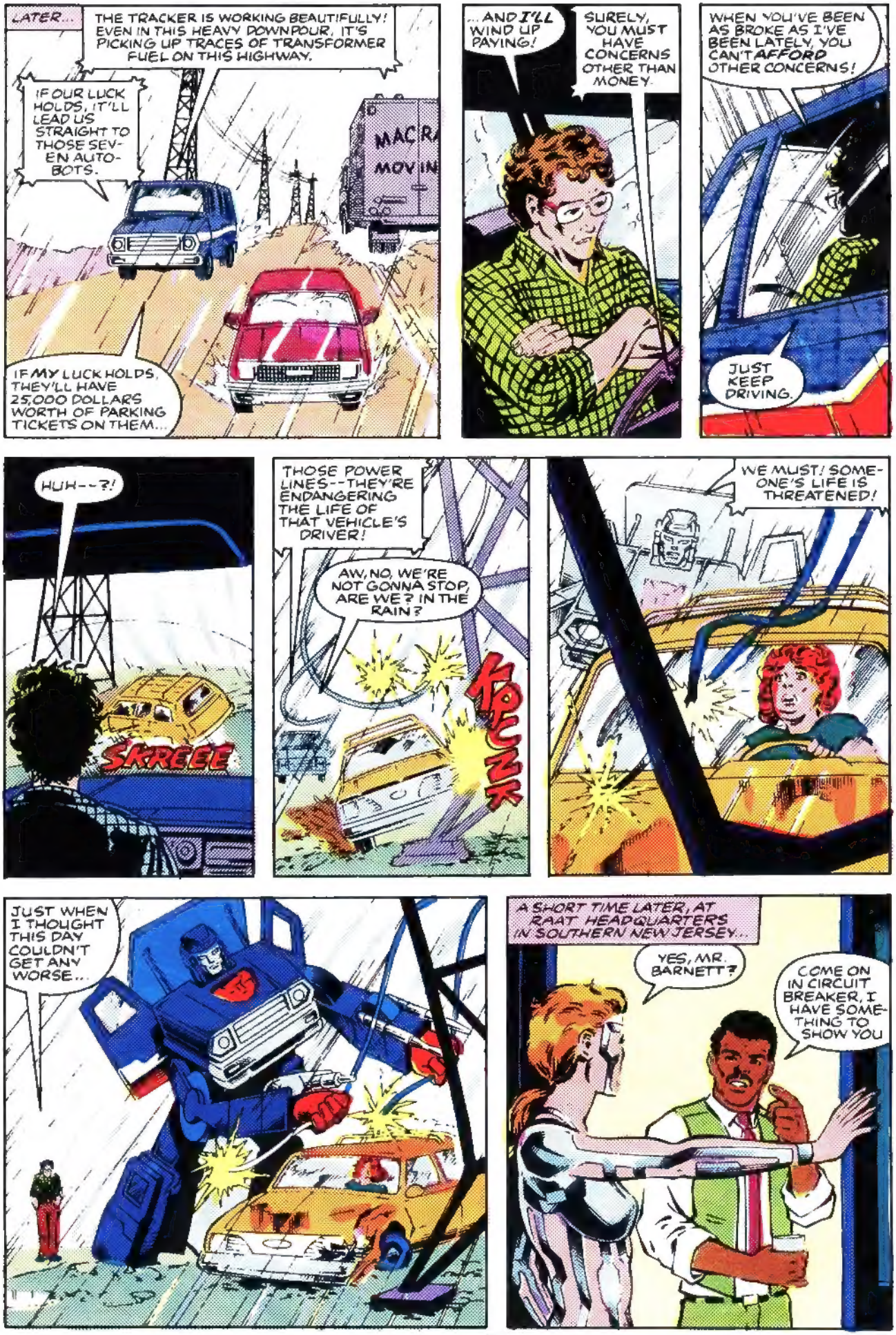

BUT, MEGATRON, BOMBSHELL WAS SUPPOSED TO TAKE CONTROL OF HIM--
NO MATTER! THE CREATION MATRIX IS THE RAREST AND MOST POWERFUL PROGRAM IN THE GALAXY! IT GIVES LIFE TO THE LIFELESS!
POSSESSING IT IS INFINITELY MORE VALUABLE THAN POSSESSING OPTIMUS PRIME!
KEEP YOUR INTERNAL RADIO RECEIVER TUNED TO THAT AUTOBOT FOOL--AND HOOK ME IN!
YES, COMMANDER.
ARE THE AERIALBOTS' MINDS WIPED..

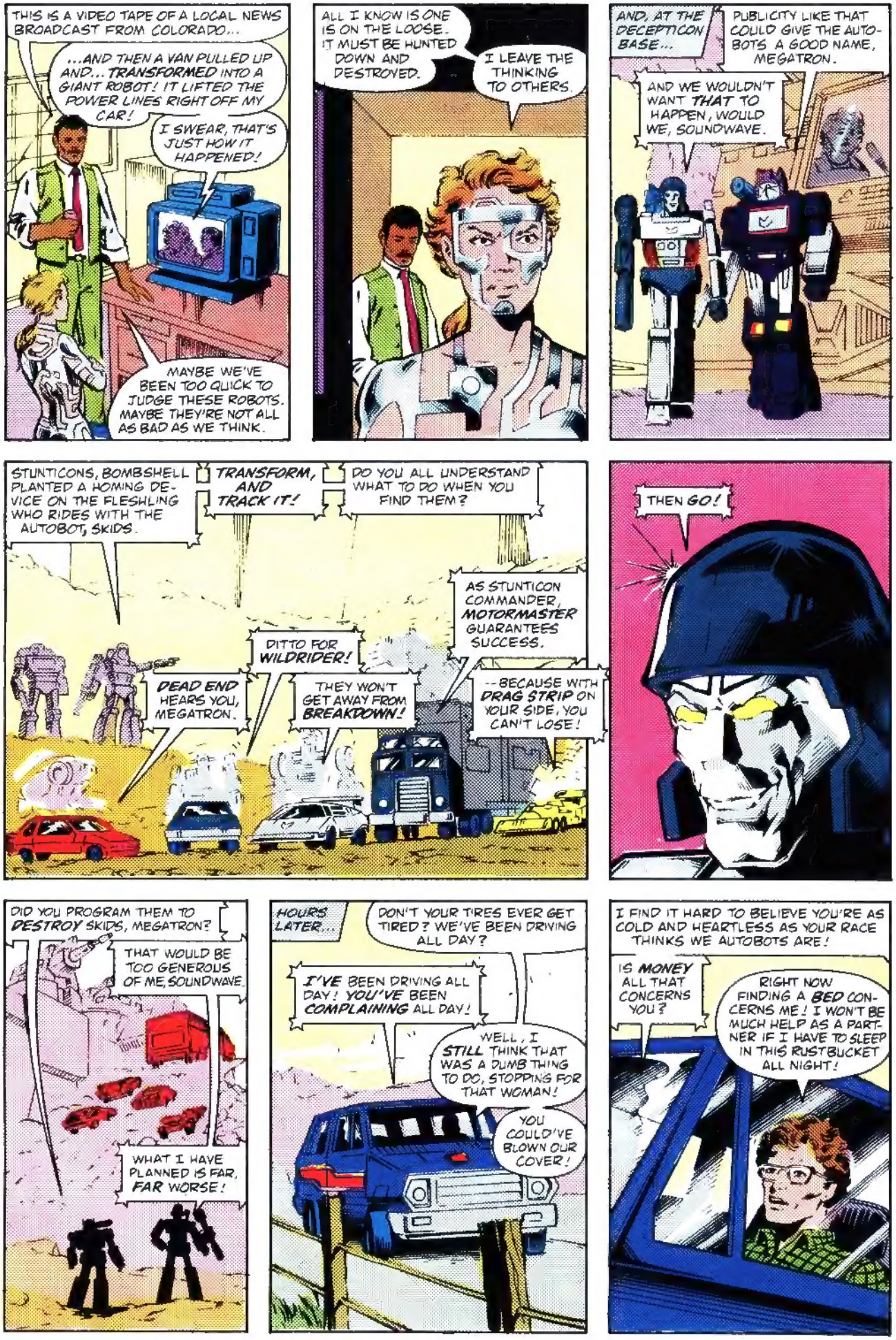

...COMPLETELY CLEAN?
EVERY DATAFILE HAS BEEN DUMPED. AFTER THEIR POOR PERFORMANCE AT HOOVER DAM * I SHUT DOWN ALL THEIR SYSTEMS.
THIS TIME I'LL BE SURE TO COMPLETE THEIR PROGRAMMING BEFORE I SEND THEM ON ANY MISSIONS.
BUT FIRST, I MUST NOW INPUT INTO THEM..
*LAST ISSUE.

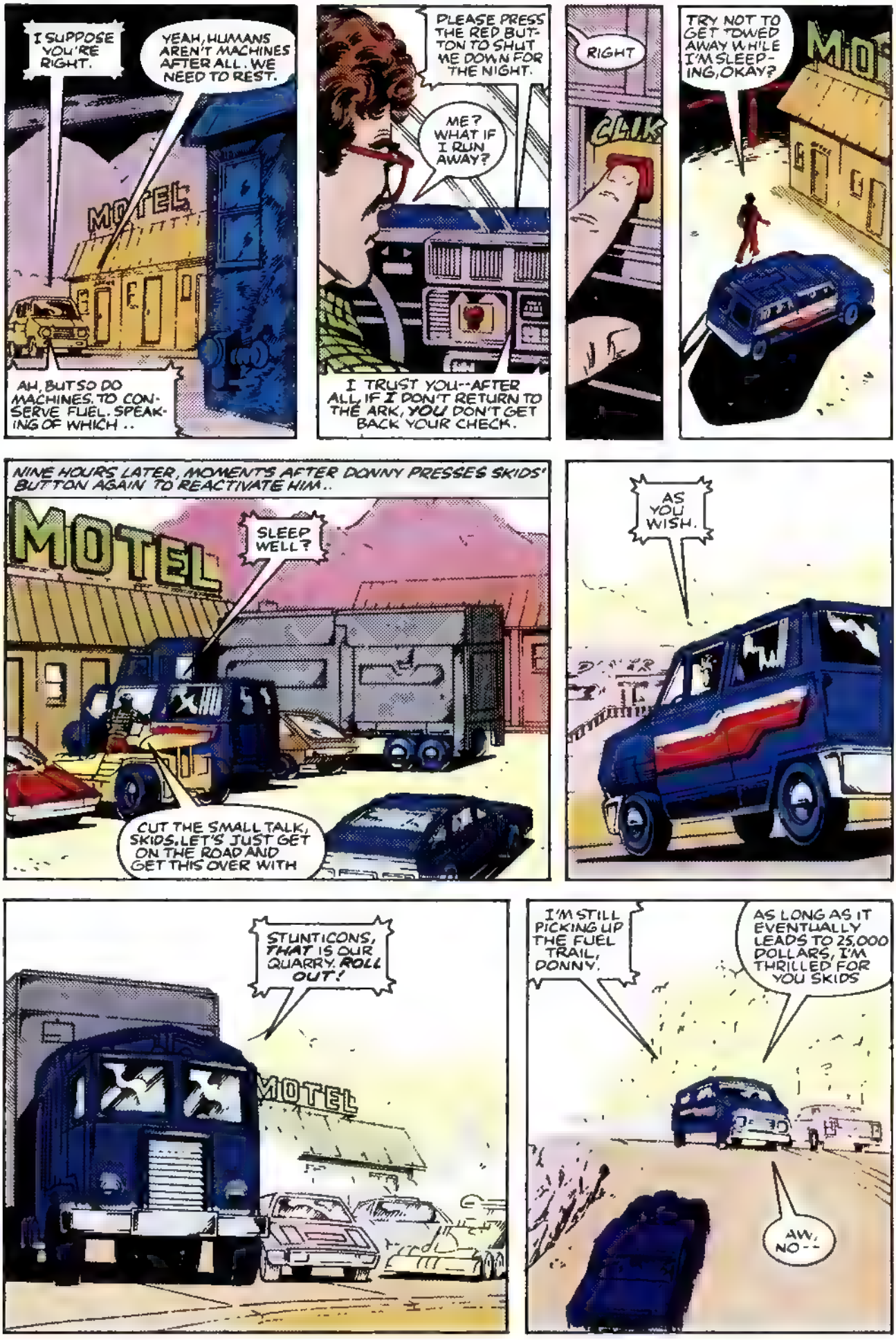
...THE CREATION MATRIX.
THESE STUNTICONS ARE READY, MEGATRON, BUILT TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS. ALL THEY LACK IS LIFE!
THEN IF YOU VALUE YOUR OWN, YOU WILL CONNECT ME TO YOUR INTERNAL RECEIVER! NOW!

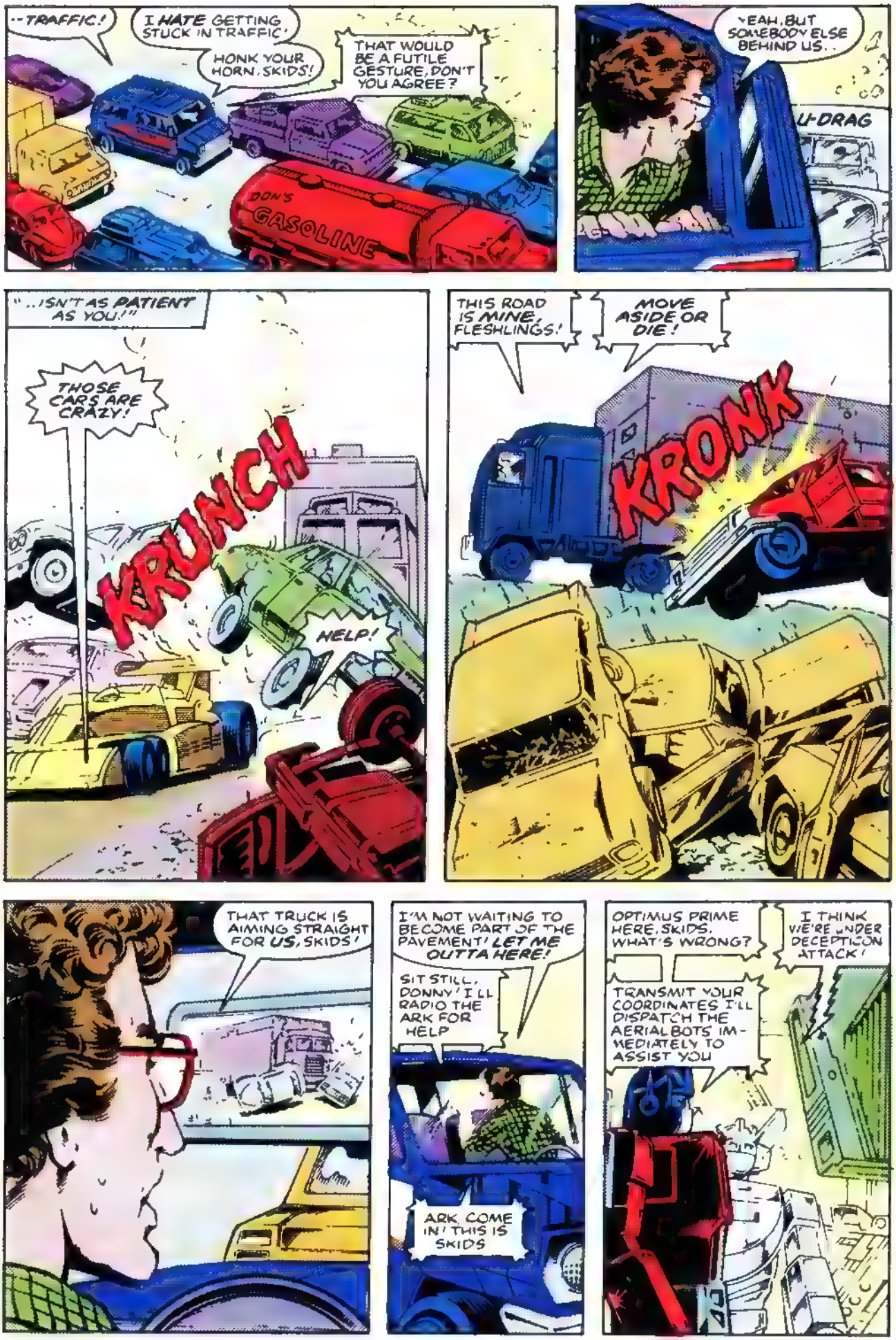

AND SO, AS THE AWESOME, DIGITALLY-CODED ENERGIES OF THE CREATION MATRIX FLOW FROM HIS HEAD AND INTO THE FIVE INERT FORMS BEFORE HIM...
...OPTIMUS PRIME IS UNAWARE THAT HE NOW SHARES HIS GREATEST TREASURE...

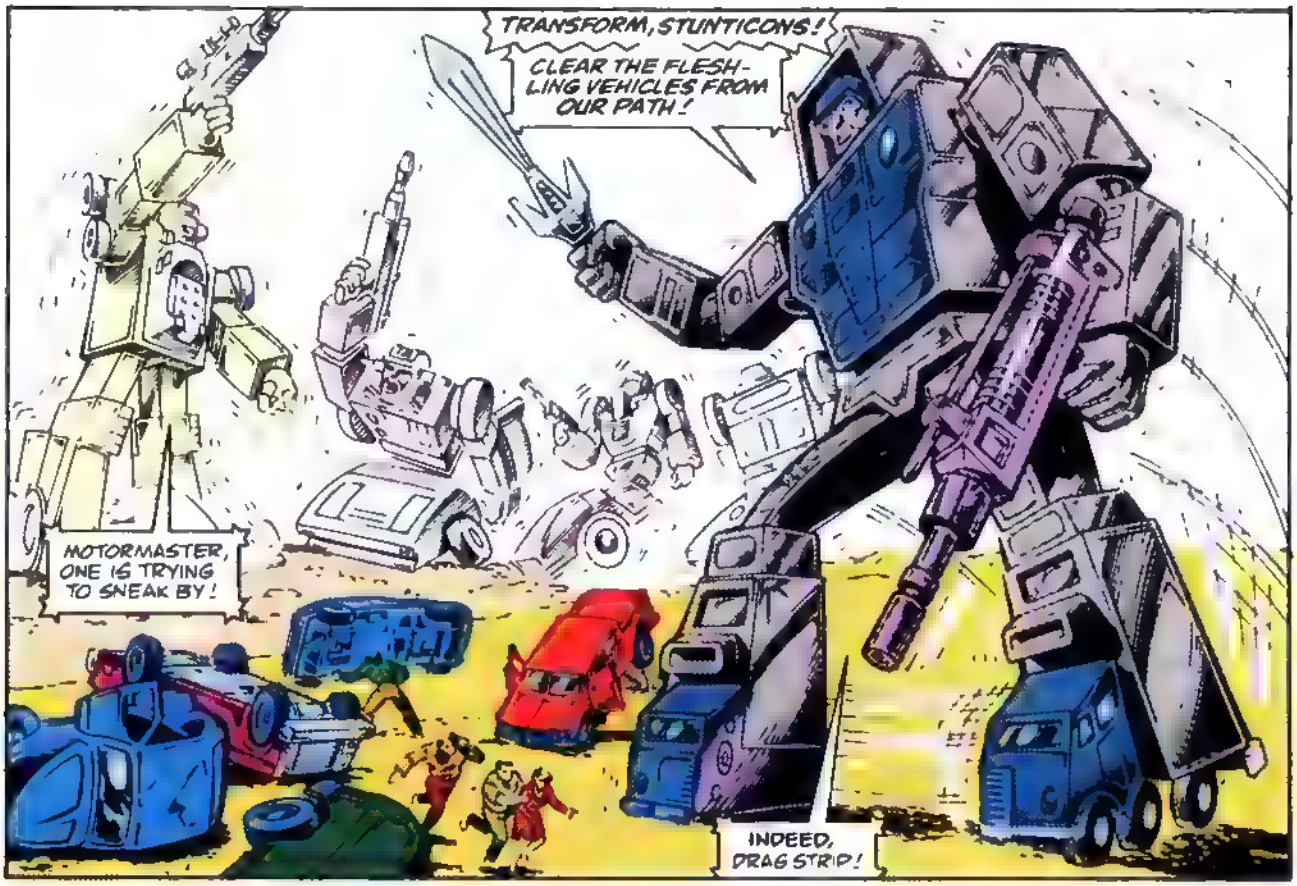

...WITH HIS GREATEST ENEMY!

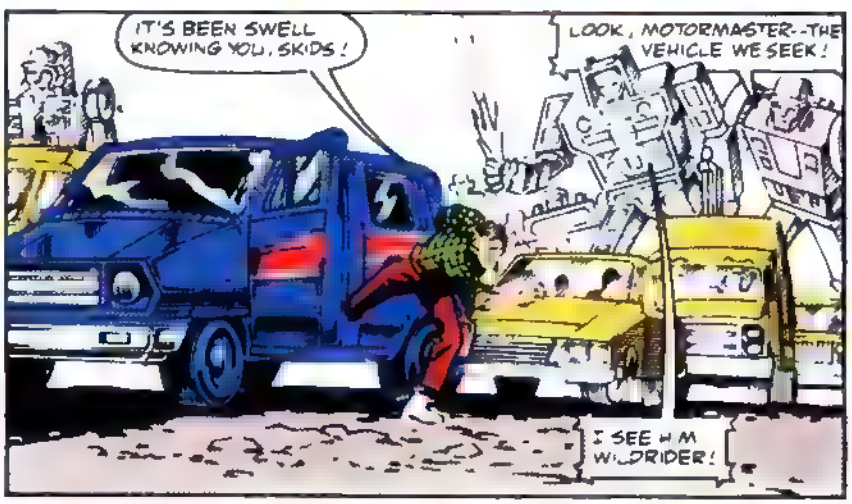

LATER...
THE TRACKER IS WORKING BEAUTIFULLY! EVEN IN THIS HEAVY DOWNPOUR, IT'S PICKING UP TRACES OF TRANSFORMER FUEL ON THIS HIGHWAY.
IF OUR LUCK HOLDS, IT'LL LEAD US STRAIGHT TO THOSE SEVEN AUTOBOTS.
IF MY LUCK HOLDS, THEY'LL HAVE 25,000 DOLLARS WORTH OF PARKING TICKETS ON THEM...
...AND I'LL WIND UP PAYING!
SURELY, YOU MUST HAVE CONCERNS OTHER THAN MONEY.
WHEN YOU'VE BEEN AS BROKE AS I'VE BEEN LATELY, YOU CAN'T AFFORD OTHER CONCERNS!
JUST KEEP DRIVING.
HUH--?!
SKREEE
THOSE POWER LINES--THEY'RE ENDANGERING THE LIFE OF THAT VEHICLE'S DRIVER!
AW, NO, WE'RE NOT GONNA STOP, ARE WE? IN THE RAIN?
KRCZK
WE MUST! SOMEONE'S LIFE IS THREATENED!
JUST WHEN I THOUGHT THIS DAY COULDN'T GET ANY WORSE...
A SHORT TIME LATER, AT RAAT HEADQUARTERS IN SOUTHERN NEW JERSEY...
YES, MR. BARNETT?
COME ON IN CIRCUIT BREAKER, I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU

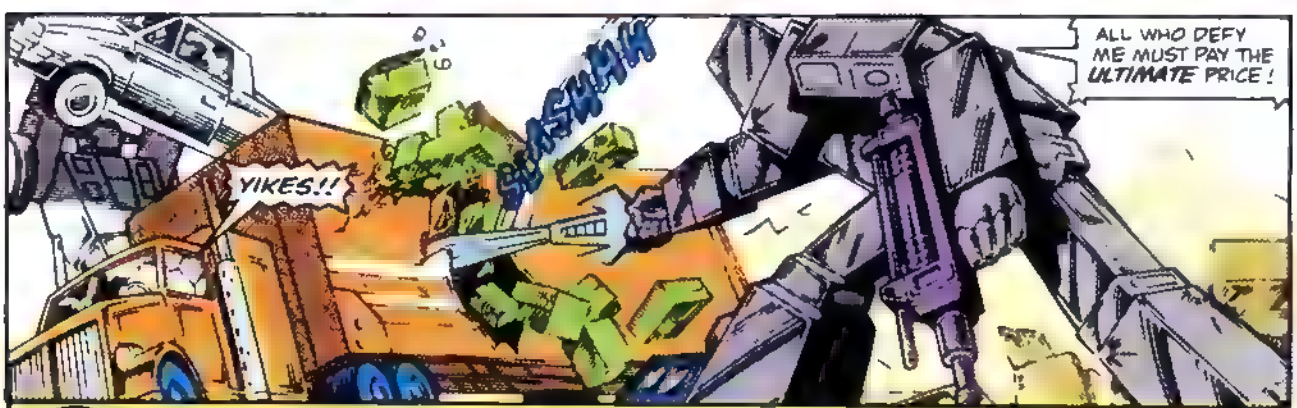

THIS IS A VIDEO TAPE OF A LOCAL NEWS BROADCAST FROM COLORADO...
...AND THEN A VAN PULLED UP AND... TRANSFORMED INTO A GIANT ROBOT! IT LIFTED THE POWER LINES RIGHT OFF MY CAR!
I SWEAR, THAT'S JUST HOW IT HAPPENED!
MAYBE WE'VE BEEN TOO QUICK TO JUDGE THESE ROBOTS. MAYBE THEY'RE NOT ALL AS BAD AS WE THINK.
ALL I KNOW IS ONE IS ON THE LOOSE. IT MUST BE HUNTED DOWN AND DESTROYED.
I LEAVE THE THINKING TO OTHERS.
AND, AT THE DECEPTICON BASE...
PUBLICITY LIKE THAT COULD GIVE THE AUTOBOTS A GOOD NAME, MEGATRON.
AND WE WOULDN'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN, WOULD WE, SOUNDWAVE.
STUNTICONS, BOMBSHELL PLANTED A HOMING DEVICE ON THE FLESHLING WHO RIDES WITH THE AUTOBOT, SKIDS.
TRANSFORM, AND TRACK IT!
DO YOU ALL UNDERSTAND WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU FIND THEM?
AS STUNTICON COMMANDER, MOTORMASTER GUARANTEES SUCCESS.
DITTO FOR WILDRIDER!
DEAD END HEARS YOU, MEGATRON.
THEY WON'T GET AWAY FROM BREAKDOWN!
--BECAUSE WITH DRAG STRIP ON YOUR SIDE, YOU CAN'T LOSE!
THEN GO!
DID YOU PROGRAM THEM TO DESTROY SKIDS, MEGATRON?
THAT WOULD BE TOO GENEROUS OF ME, SOUNDWAVE.
WHAT I HAVE PLANNED IS FAR, FAR WORSE!
HOURS LATER...
DON'T YOUR TIRES EVER GET TIRED? WE'VE BEEN DRIVING ALL DAY?
I'VE BEEN DRIVING ALL DAY! YOU'VE BEEN COMPLAINING ALL DAY!
WELL, I STILL THINK THAT WAS A DUMB THING TO DO, STOPPING FOR THAT WOMAN!
YOU COULD'VE BLOWN OUR COVER!
I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE YOU'RE AS COLD AND HEARTLESS AS YOUR RACE THINKS WE AUTOBOTS ARE!
IS MONEY ALL THAT CONCERNS YOU?
RIGHT NOW FINDING A BED CONCERNS ME! I WON'T BE MUCH HELP AS A PARTNER IF I HAVE TO SLEEP IN THIS RUSTBUCKET ALL NIGHT!


I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT.
YEAH, HUMANS AREN'T MACHINES AFTER ALL. WE NEED TO REST.
MOTEL
AH, BUT SO DO MACHINES. TO CONSERVE FUEL. SPEAKING OF WHICH ..
PLEASE PRESS THE RED BUTTON TO SHUT ME DOWN FOR THE NIGHT.
ME? WHAT IF I RUN AWAY?
I TRUST YOU--AFTER ALL, IF I DON'T RETURN TO THE ARK, YOU DON'T GET BACK YOUR CHECK.
RIGHT
CLIK
TRY NOT TO GET TOWED AWAY WHILE I'M SLEEPING, OKAY?
NINE HOURS LATER, MOMENTS AFTER DONNY PRESSES SKIDS' BUTTON AGAIN TO REACTIVATE HIM..
MOTEL
SLEEP WELL?
CUT THE SMALL TALK, SKIDS. LET'S JUST GET ON THE ROAD AND GET THIS OVER WITH
AS YOU WISH.
STUNTICONS, THAT IS OUR QUARRY. ROLL OUT!
MOTEL
I'M STILL PICKING UP THE FUEL TRAIL, DONNY.
AS LONG AS IT EVENTUALLY LEADS TO 25,000 DOLLARS, I'M THRILLED FOR YOU SKIDS
AW, NO--


--TRAFFIC!
I HATE GETTING STUCK IN TRAFFIC!
HONK YOUR HORN, SKIDS!
THAT WOULD BE A FUTILE GESTURE, DON'T YOU AGREE?
DON'S GASOLINE
YEAH, BUT SOMEBODY ELSE BEHIND US..
U-DRAG
"..ISN'T AS PATIENT AS YOU!"
THOSE CARS ARE CRAZY!
KRUNCH
HELP!
THIS ROAD IS MINE, FLESHLINGS!
MOVE ASIDE OR DIE!
KRONK
THAT TRUCK IS AIMING STRAIGHT FOR US, SKIDS!
I'M NOT WAITING TO BECOME PART OF THE PAVEMENT! LET ME OUTTA HERE!
SIT STILL, DONNY! I'LL RADIO THE ARK FOR HELP
ARK COME IN! THIS IS SKIDS
OPTIMUS PRIME HERE, SKIDS. WHAT'S WRONG?
I THINK WE'RE UNDER DECEPTICON ATTACK!
TRANSMIT YOUR COORDINATES I'LL DISPATCH THE AERIAL BOTS IMMEDIATELY TO ASSIST YOU

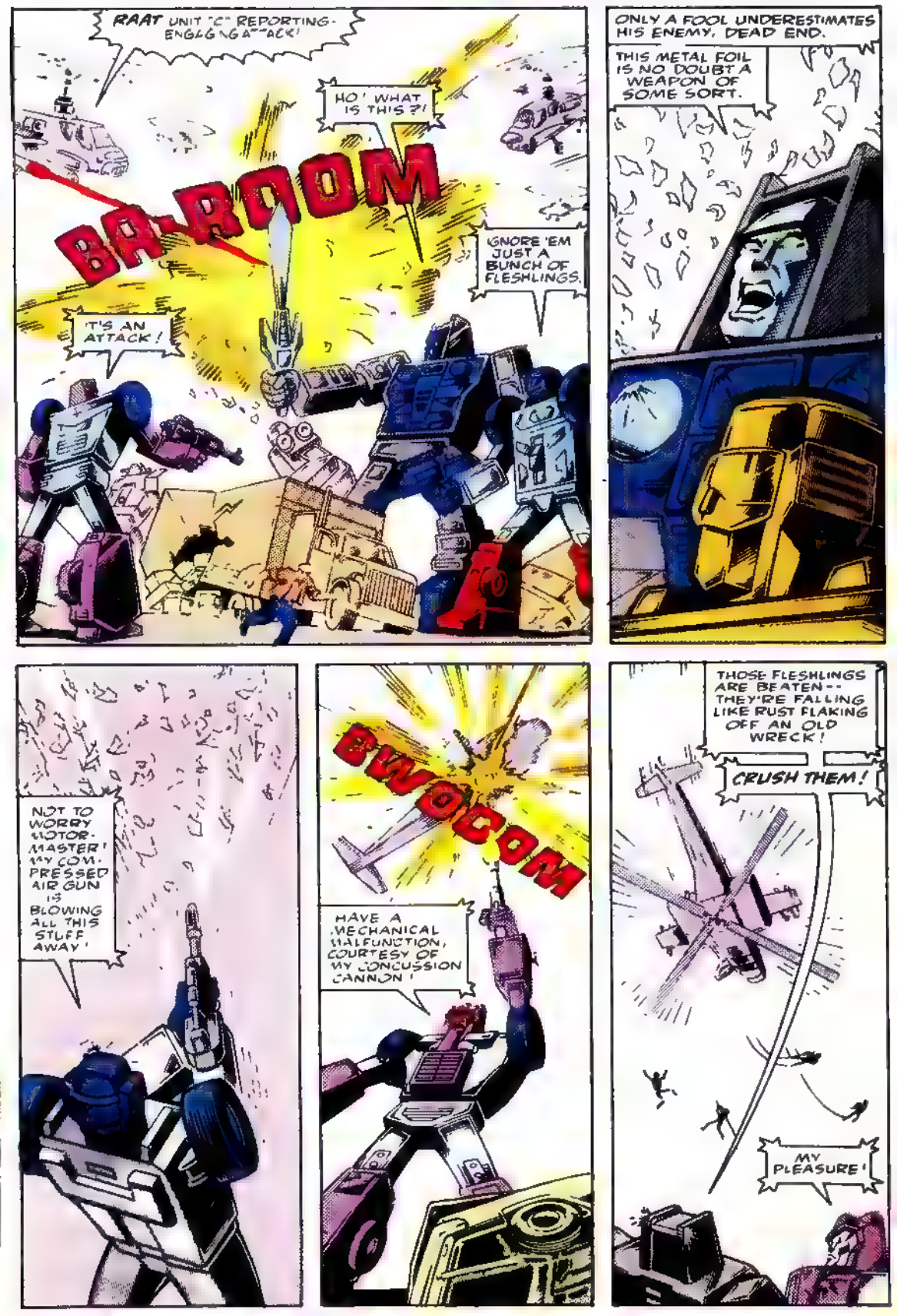

TRANSFORM, STUNTICONS!
CLEAR THE FLESH-LING VEHICLES FROM OUR PATH!
MOTORMASTER, ONE IS TRYING TO SNEAK BY!
INDEED, DRAG STRIP!

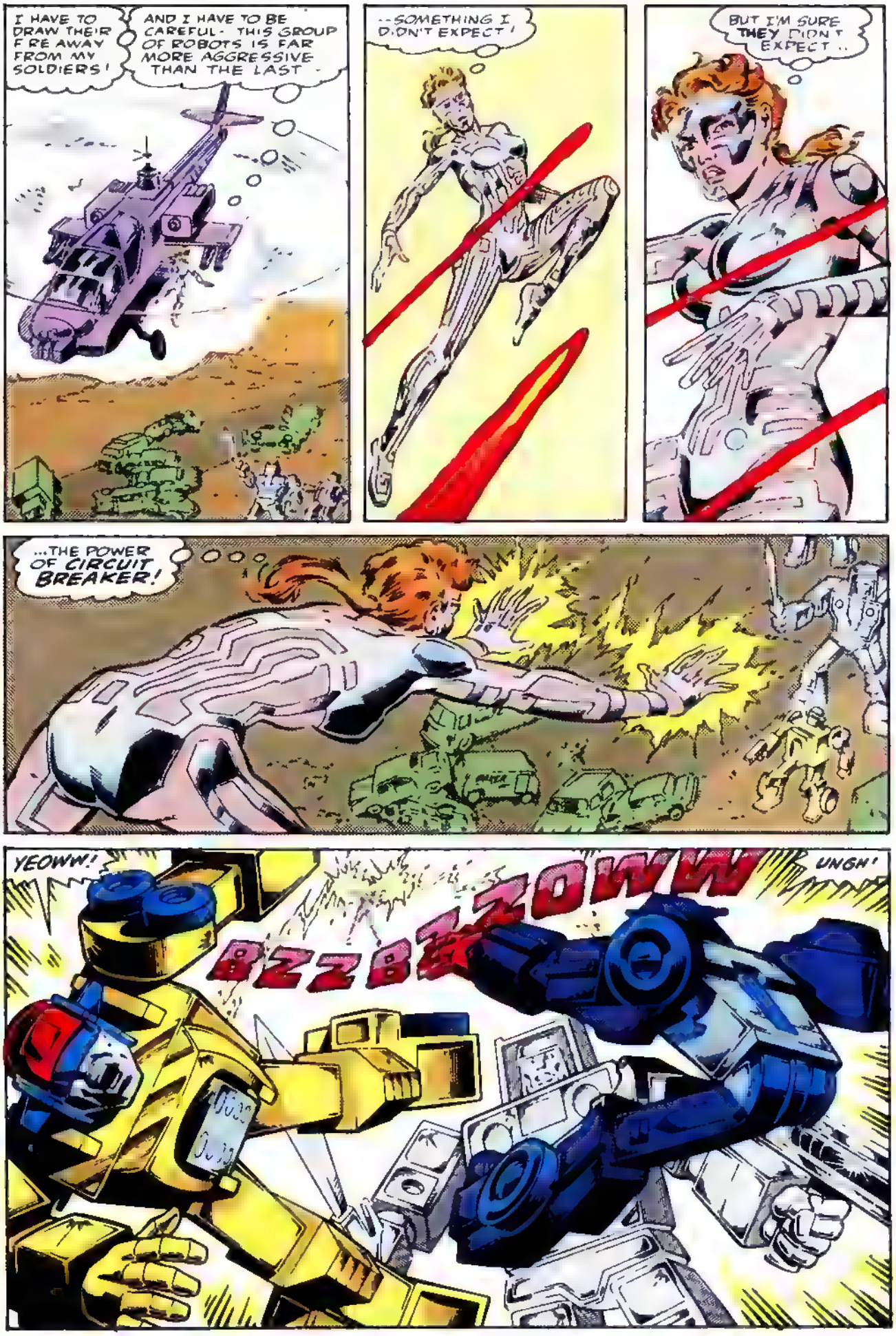


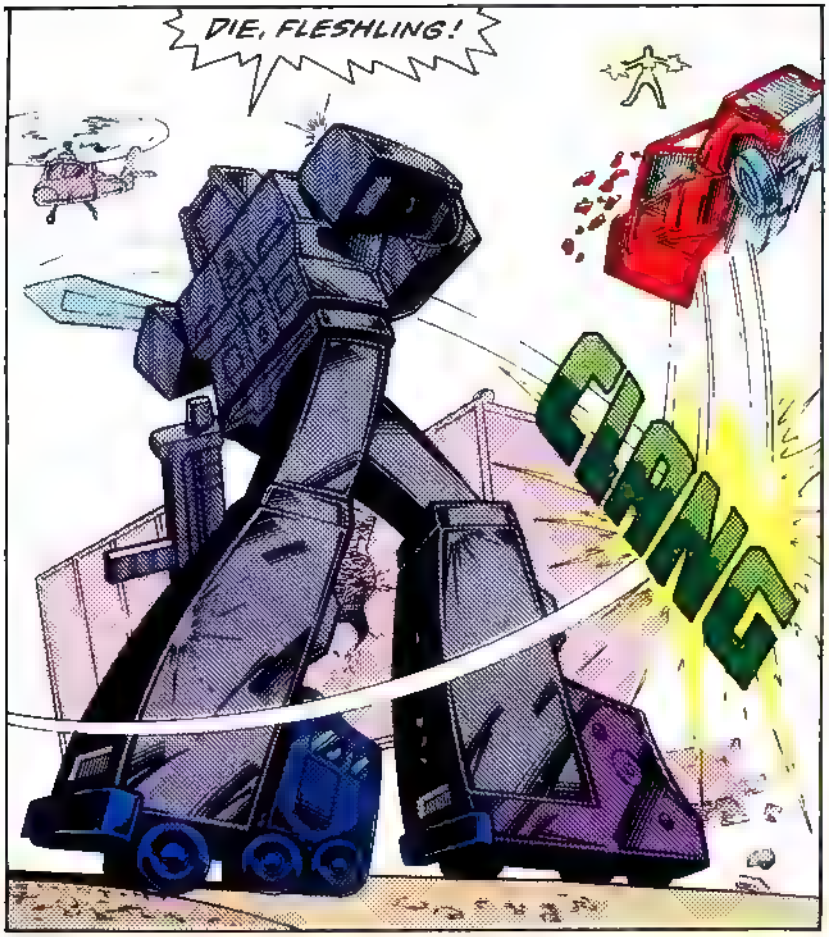


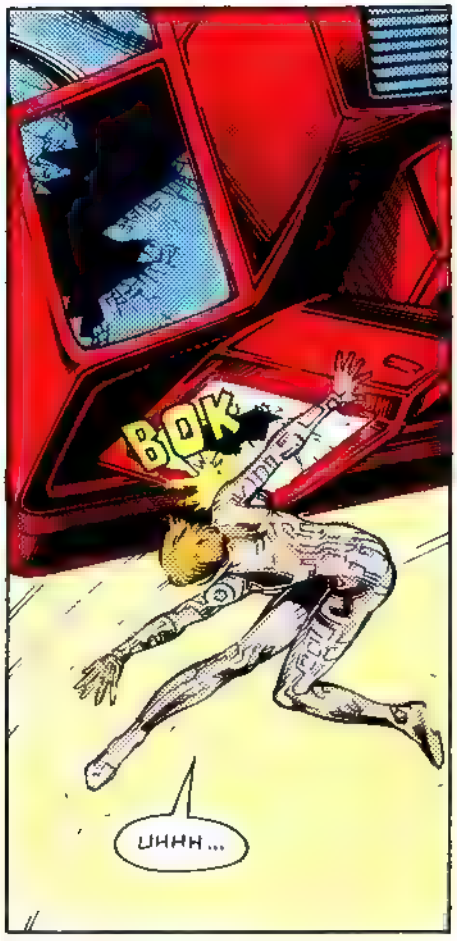
NEXT: CLASH OF THE SPECIAL TEAMS!

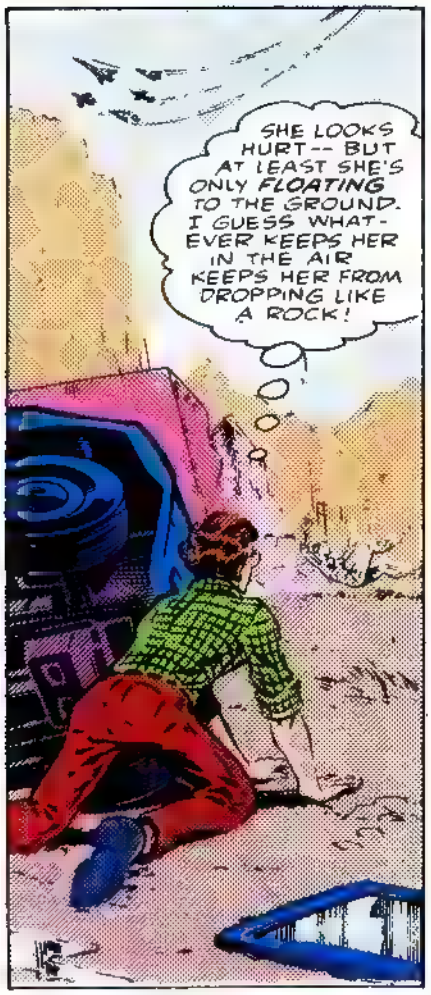
MARVEL™
20th Dec 86
No92 30p
THE TRANSFORMERS
HEROIC
AUTOBOT
ROBOT
ROADWORKS!

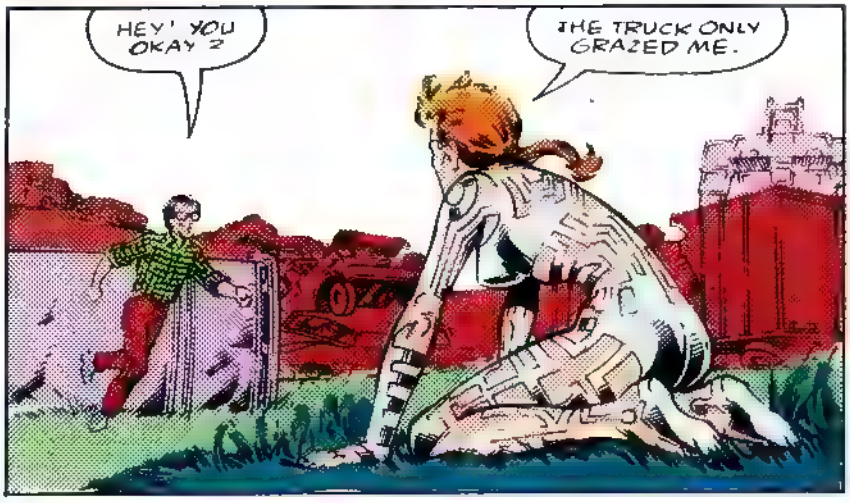

RAAT UNIT "C" REPORTING - ENGLGNGA"ACK!
HO! WHAT IS THIS?!
BA-ROOM
IGNORE 'EM JUST A BUNCH OF FLESHLINGS.
IT'S AN ATTACK!
ONLY A FOOL UNDERESTIMATES HIS ENEMY. DEAD END.
THIS METAL FOIL IS NO DOUBT A WEAPON OF SOME SORT.
NOT TO WORRY MOTOR-MASTER! MY COMPRESSED AIR GUN IS BLOWING ALL THIS STUFF AWAY!
BWOOM
HAVE A MECHANICAL MALFUNCTION, COURTESY OF MY CONCUSSION CANNON!
THOSE FLESHLINGS ARE BEATEN -- THEY'RE FALLING LIKE RUST FLAKING OFF AN OLD WRECK!
CRUSH THEM!
MY PLEASURE!

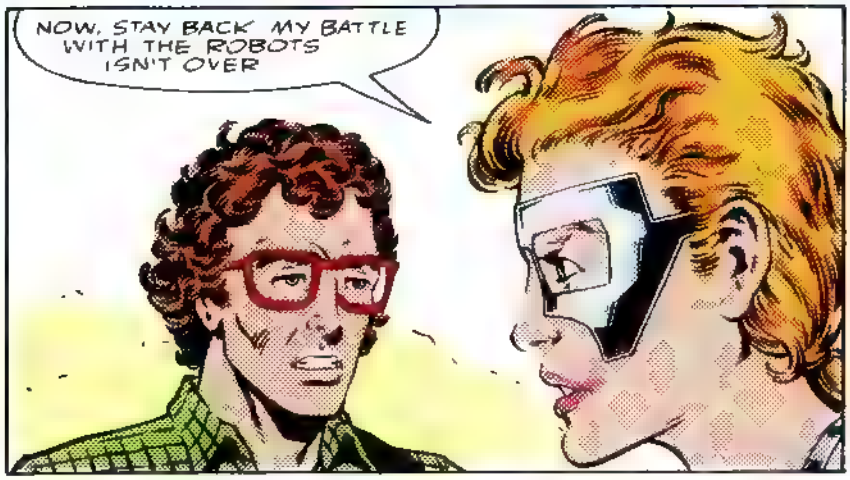

I HAVE TO DRAW THEIR FIRE AWAY FROM MY SOLDIERS!
AND I HAVE TO BE CAREFUL - THIS GROUP OF ROBOTS IS FAR MORE AGGRESSIVE THAN THE LAST -
--SOMETHING I DIDN'T EXPECT!
BUT I'M SURE THEY DIDN'T EXPECT..
...THE POWER OF CIRCUIT BREAKER!
YEOWW!
BZZBZZOWW
UNGH!

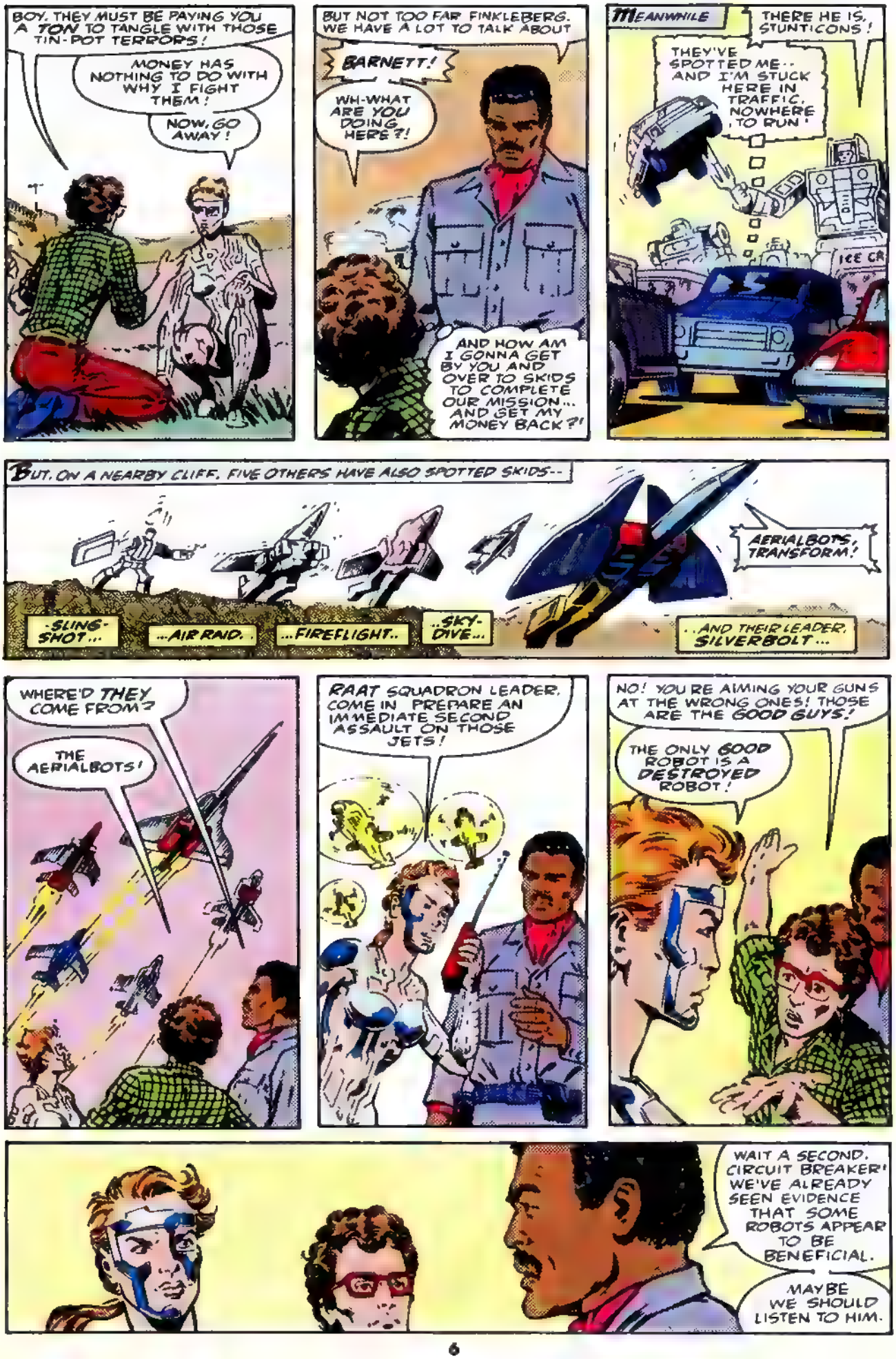

DIE, FLESHLING!
CLANG

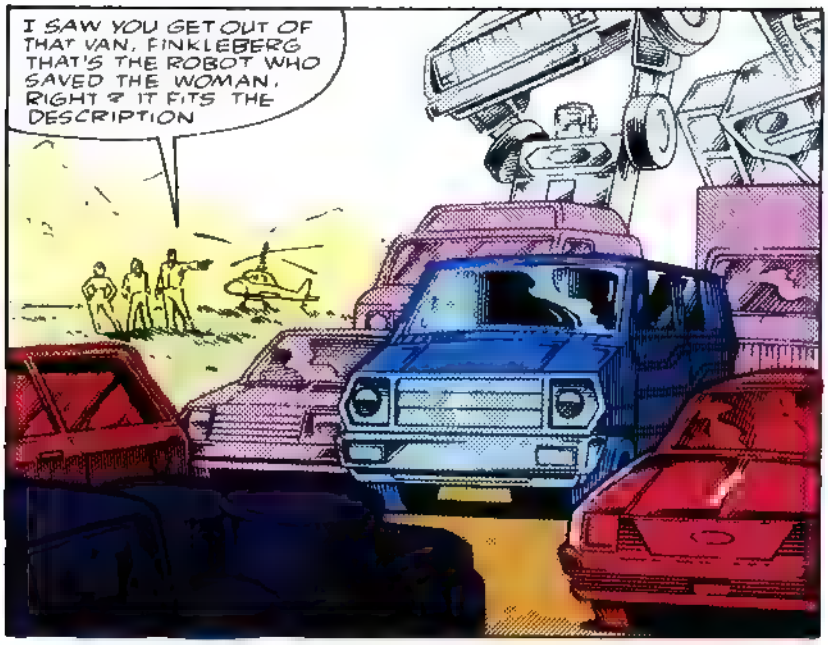

BOK
UHHH...

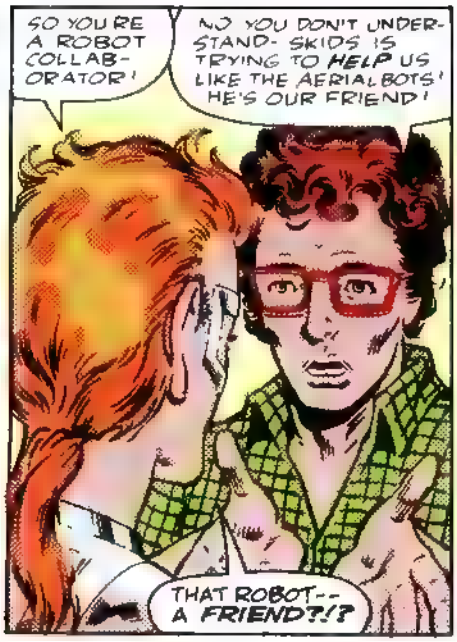

SHE LOOKS HURT-- BUT AT LEAST SHE'S ONLY FLOATING TO THE GROUND. I GUESS WHAT-EVER KEEPS HER IN THE AIR KEEPS HER FROM DROPPING LIKE A ROCK!

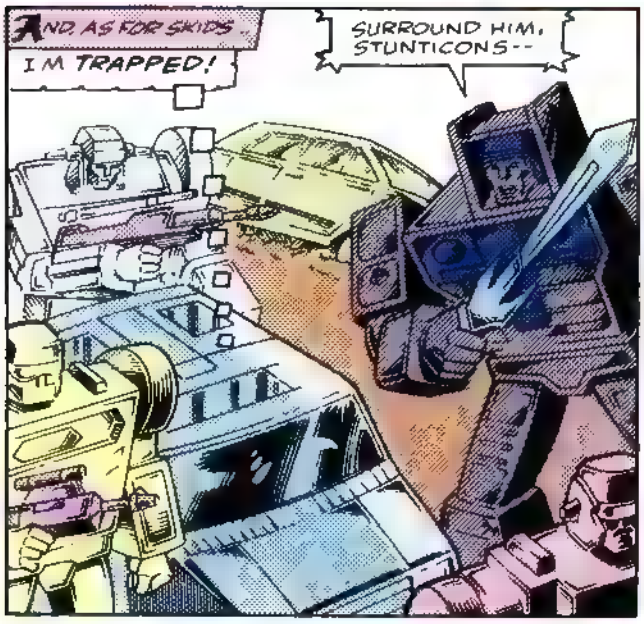

HEY! YOU OKAY?
THE TRUCK ONLY GRAZED ME.

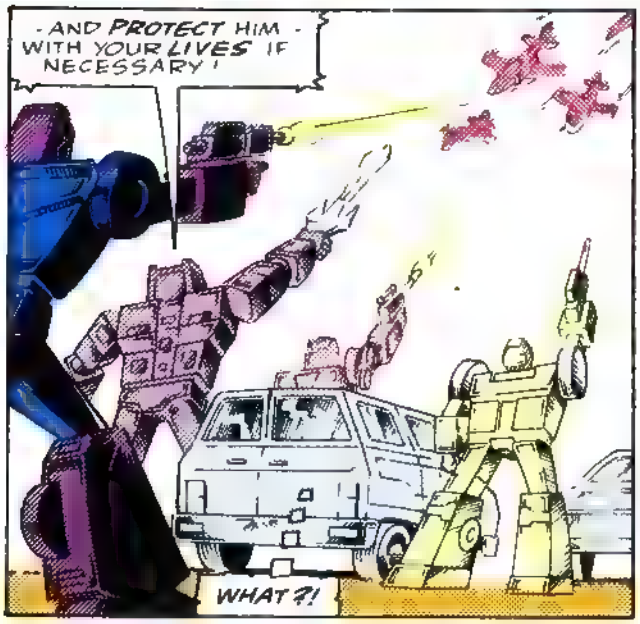

NOW, STAY BACK! MY BATTLE WITH THE ROBOTS ISN'T OVER

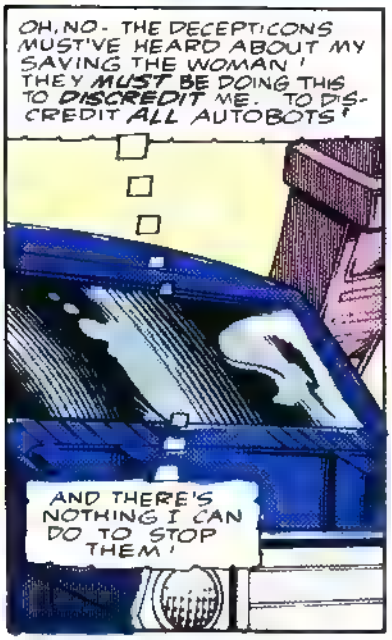

BOY, THEY MUST BE PAYING YOU A TON TO TANGLE WITH THOSE TIN-POT TERRORS!
MONEY HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH WHY I FIGHT THEM!
NOW, GO AWAY!
BUT NOT TOO FAR FINKLEBERG. WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT
BARNETT!
WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!
AND HOW AM I GONNA GET BY YOU AND OVER TO SKIDS TO COMPLETE OUR MISSION... AND GET MY MONEY BACK?!
MEANWHILE
THERE HE IS, STUNTICONS!
THEY'VE SPOTTED ME... AND I'M STUCK HERE IN TRAFFIC, NOWHERE TO RUN!
BUT, ON A NEARBY CLIFF, FIVE OTHERS HAVE ALSO SPOTTED SKIDS--
-SLING-SHOT...
...AIR RAID...
...FIREFLIGHT..
..SKY-DIVE..
AERIALBOTS, TRANSFORM!
..AND THEIR LEADER, SILVERBOLT...
WHERE'D THEY COME FROM?
THE AERIALBOTS!
RAAT SQUADRON LEADER, COME IN. PREPARE AN IMMEDIATE SECOND ASSAULT ON THOSE JETS!
NO! YOU'RE AIMING YOUR GUNS AT THE WRONG ONES! THOSE ARE THE GOOD GUYS!
THE ONLY GOOD ROBOT IS A DESTROYED ROBOT!
WAIT A SECOND, CIRCUIT BREAKER! WE'VE ALREADY SEEN EVIDENCE THAT SOME ROBOTS APPEAR TO BE BENEFICIAL.
MAYBE WE SHOULD LISTEN TO HIM.

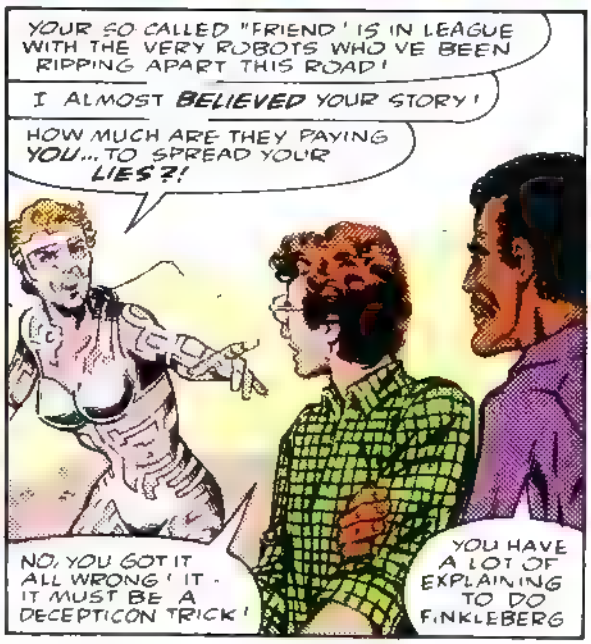

I SAW YOU GET OUT OF THAT VAN, FINKLEBERG THAT'S THE ROBOT WHO SAVED THE WOMAN. RIGHT? IT FITS THE DESCRIPTION


SO YOU'RE A ROBOT COLLAB-ORATOR!
NO YOU DON'T UNDER-STAND- SKIDS IS TRYING TO HELP US LIKE THE AERIALBOTS! HE'S OUR FRIEND!
THAT ROBOT-- A FRIEND?!?

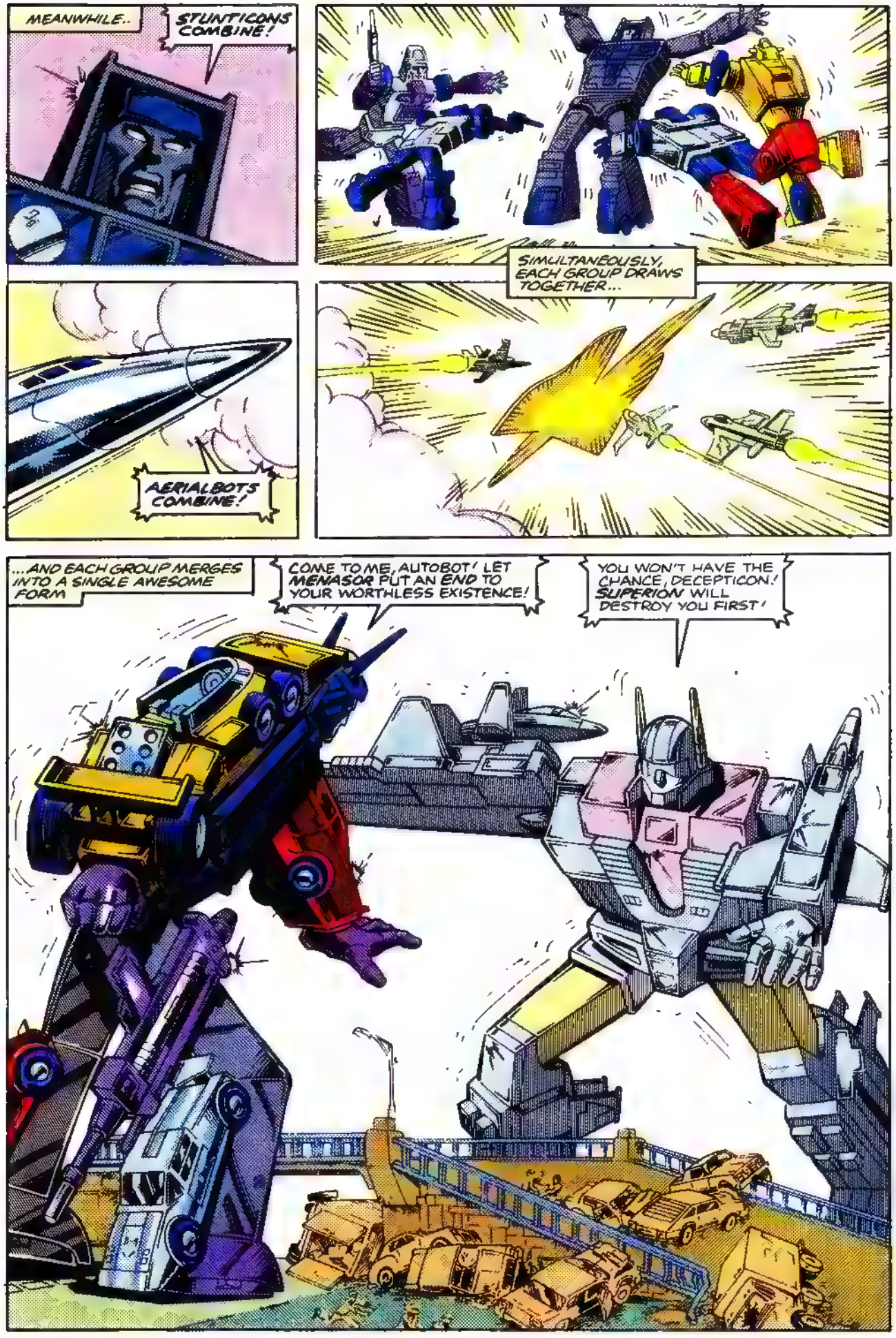

AND AS FOR SKIDS.. I'M TRAPPED!
SURROUND HIM, STUNTICONS--

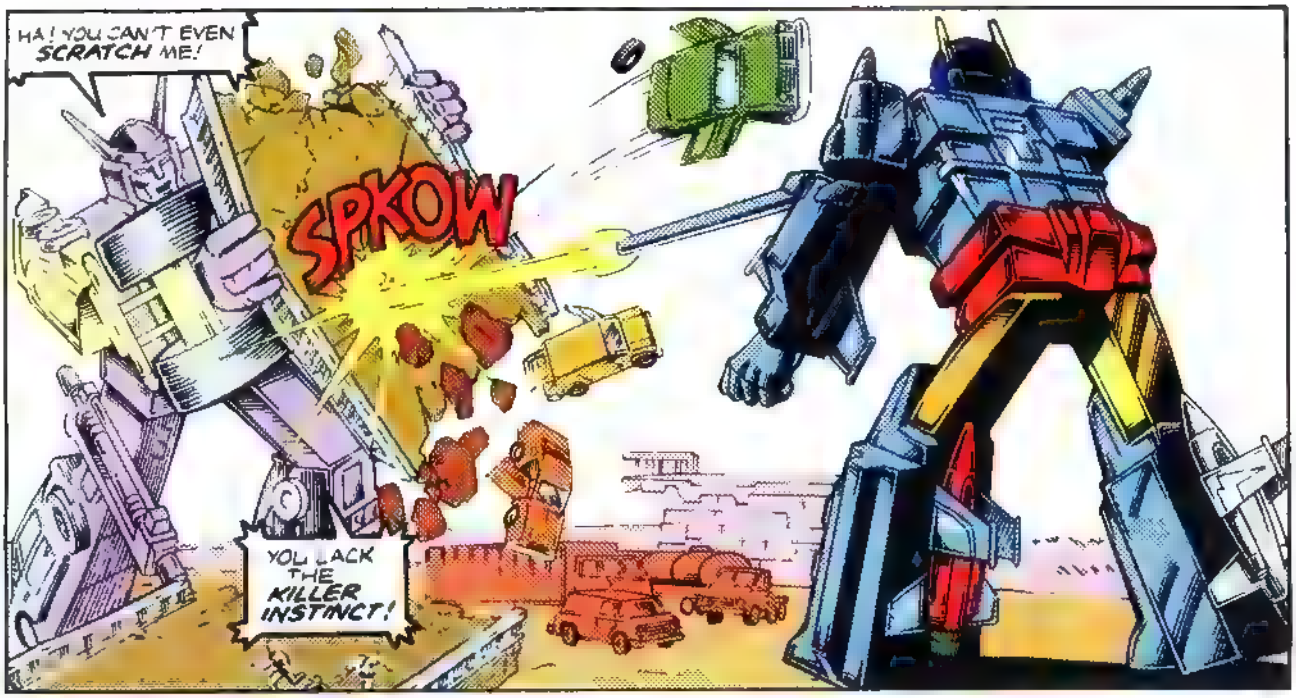

-AND PROTECT HIM - WITH YOUR LIVES IF NECESSARY!
WHAT?!

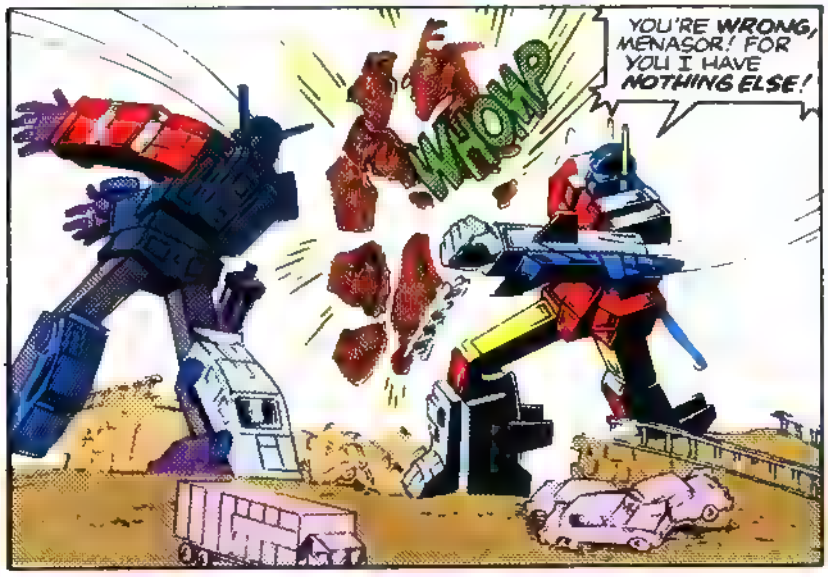

OH, NO- THE DECEPTICONS MUST'VE HEARD ABOUT MY SAVING THE WOMAN! THEY MUST BE DOING THIS TO DISCREDIT ME. TO DIS-CREDIT ALL AUTOBOTS!
AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO STOP THEM!


YOUR SO CALLED "FRIEND" IS IN LEAGUE WITH THE VERY ROBOTS WHO'VE BEEN RIPPING APART THIS ROAD!
I ALMOST BELIEVED YOUR STORY!
HOW MUCH ARE THEY PAYING YOU... TO SPREAD YOUR LIES?!
NO, YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG! IT - IT MUST BE A DECEPTICON TRICK!
YOU HAVE A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO FINKLEBERG

I HAVE NO TIME TO LISTEN TO MORE OF HIS LIES! I HAVE ROBOTS TO SMASH!

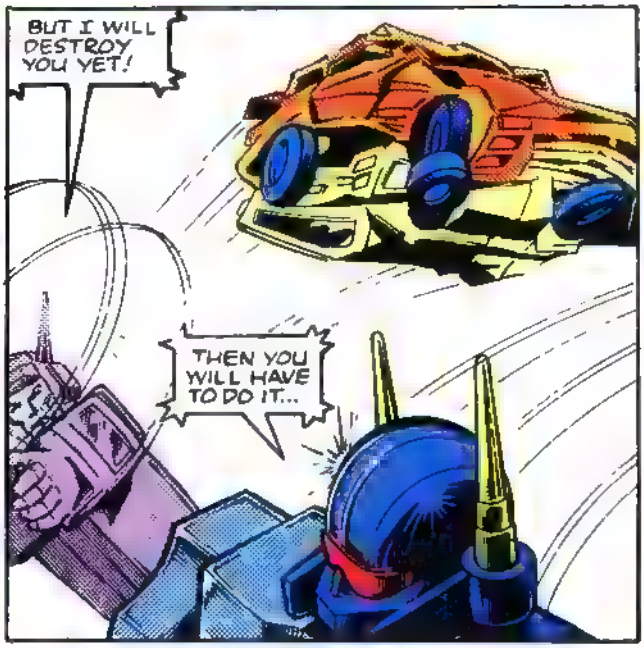

MEANWHILE..
STUNTICONS COMBINE!
SIMULTANEOUSLY, EACH GROUP DRAWS TOGETHER...
AERIALBOTS COMBINE!
...AND EACH GROUP MERGES INTO A SINGLE AWESOME FORM
COME TO ME, AUTOBOT! LET MENASOR PUT AN END TO YOUR WORTHLESS EXISTENCE!
YOU WON'T HAVE THE CHANCE, DECEPTICON! SUPERION WILL DESTROY YOU FIRST!


HA! YOU CAN'T EVEN SCRATCH ME!
SPKOW
YOU LACK THE KILLER INSTINCT!


WHOMP
YOU'RE WRONG, MENASOR! FOR YOU I HAVE NOTHING ELSE!

D-DID THAT THING JUST SHATTER AN OVERPASS INTO DUST?
NO, I...I THINK IT WAS AN ENTRANCE RAMP...

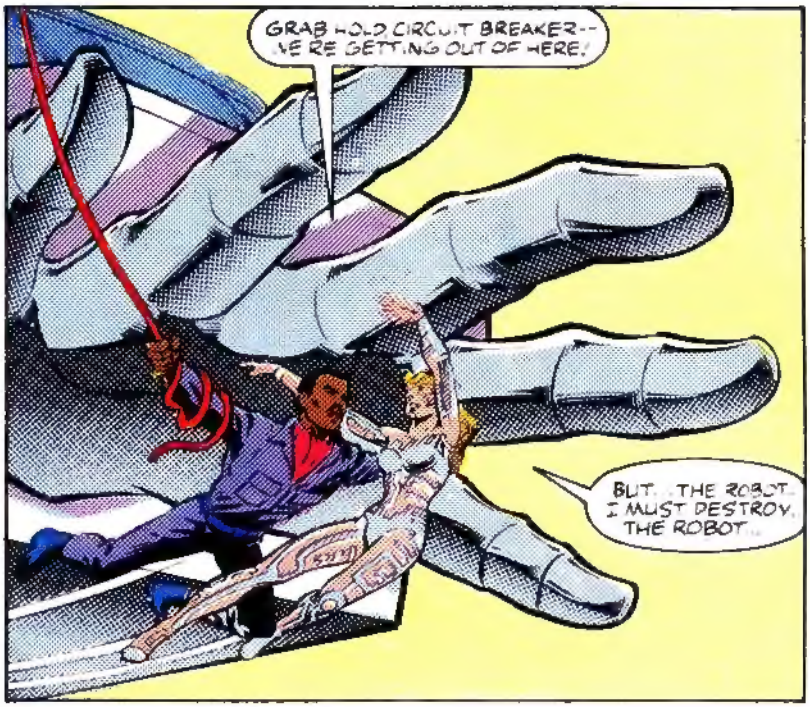
YOU WERE LUCKY THAT TIME, SUPERION!

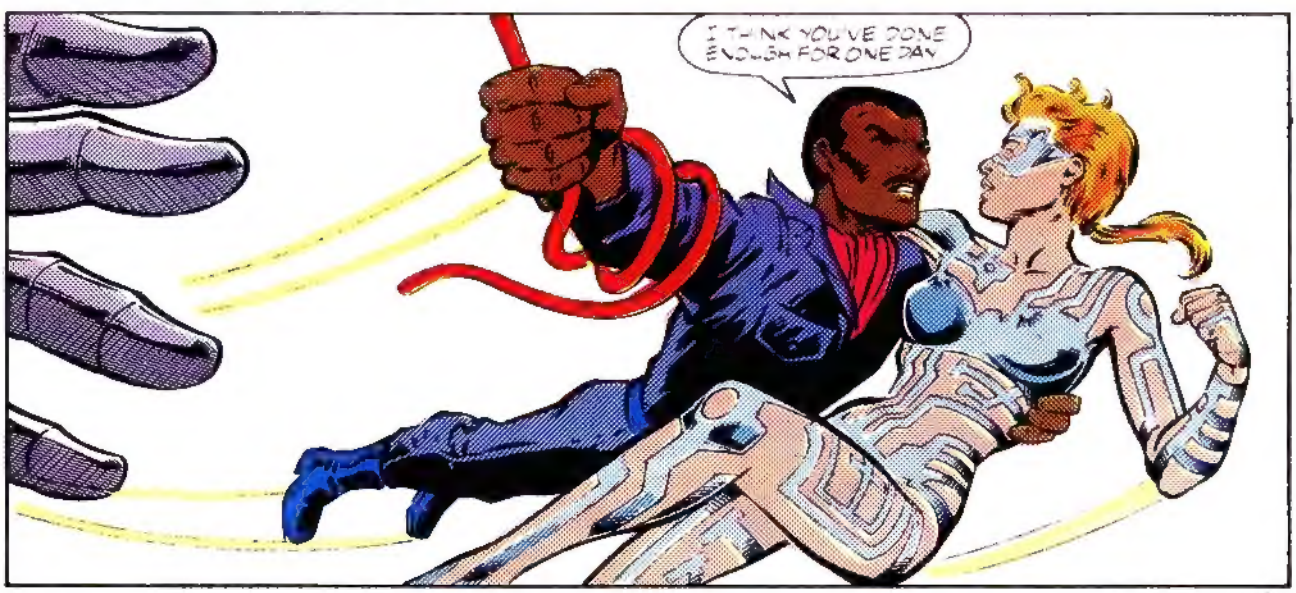

BUT I WILL DESTROY YOU YET!
THEN YOU WILL HAVE TO DO IT...

...WITH YOUR OWN TWO HANDS!
WHAT'S SHE DOING?
NOW'S MY CHANCE!
THEY'RE TOO PREOCCUPIED TO NOTICE ME.
AND BY THE TIME THEY DO, IT'LL BE TOO LATE FOR AT LEAST ONE OF THEM...
CIRCUIT BREAKER, LEAVE SUPERION ALONE! HE'S ON OUR SIDE!
AND WHAT SIDE IS THAT...
...TRAITOR?!

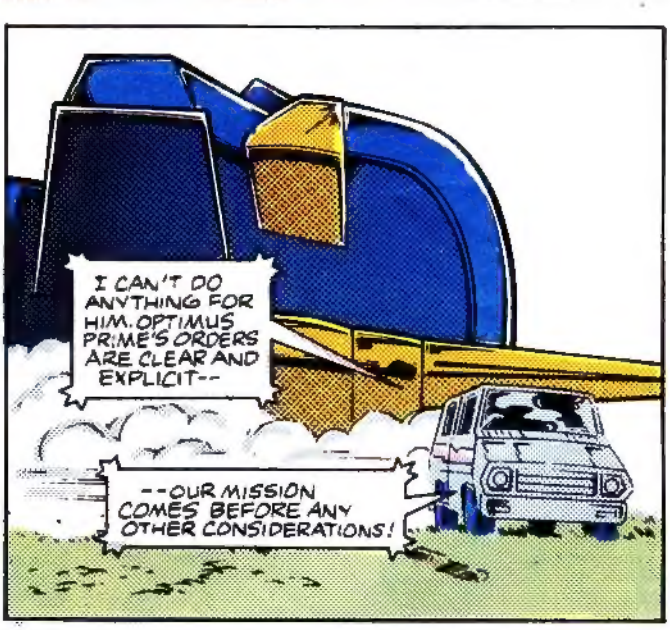
DRAWING UPON ALL THE ENERGY RESERVES STORED WITHIN HER COSTUME'S MICRO-BATTERIES, CIRCUIT BREAKER DISCHARGES A TREMENDOUS BURST OF ELECTRICITY INTO SUPERION'S HEAD...
...WHICH STUNS THE AUTOBOT LONG ENOUGH FOR MENASOR TO TEAR HIS MID-SECTION WITH A TORRENT OF AIR FROM HIS CYCLONE GUN.
THE TWIN BLOWS INFLICT MORE DAMAGE THAN THE MIGHTY MACHINE CAN ENDURE.
SUPERION FALLS.
VICTORY IS MINE!
FLESHLINGS, YOUR DOOM IS AT HAND!
UHH... DON'T HAVE ENOUGH POWER...
...NOTHING LEFT FOR THE OTHER ROBOT...
RAAT UNIT THREE, COME IN--CIRCUIT BREAKER LOOKS TAPPED OUT!
PROCEED WITH RESCUE PLAN D-SEVEN!
YOU, FLESHLING, SHALL BE THE FIRST--

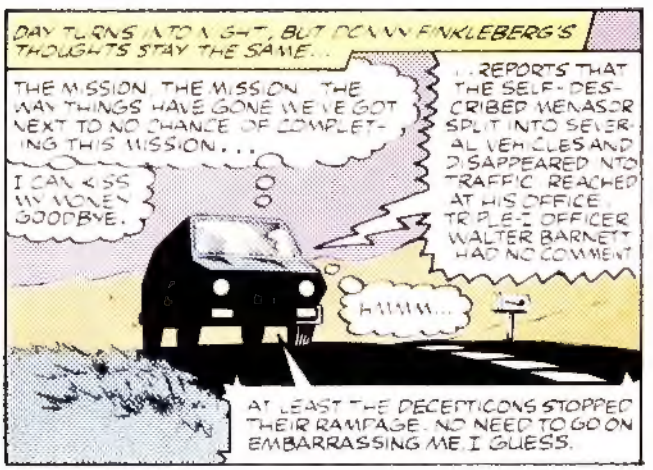
GRAB THE LINE!
GOT IT!

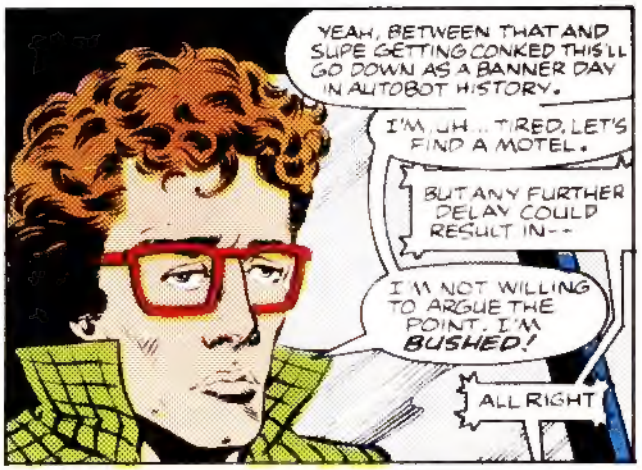

GRAB HOLD CIRCUIT BREAKER-- WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!
BUT... THE ROBOT... I MUST DESTROY THE ROBOT...

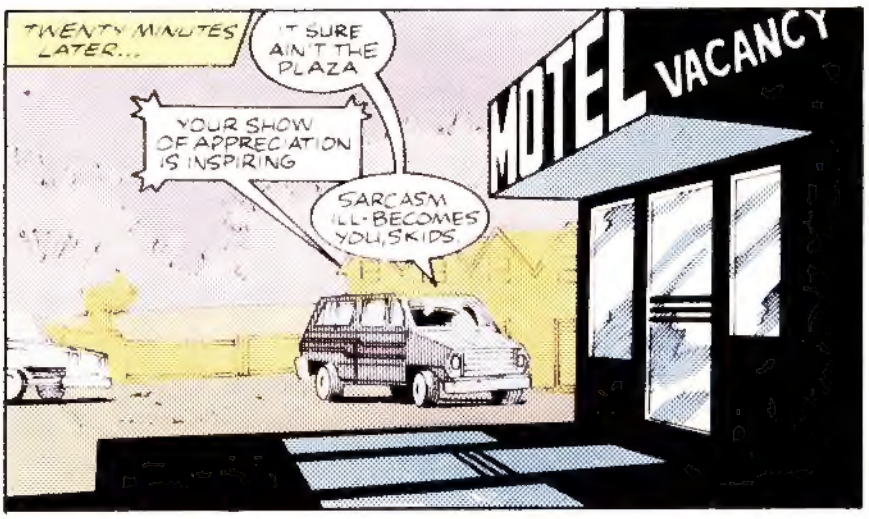

I THINK YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY

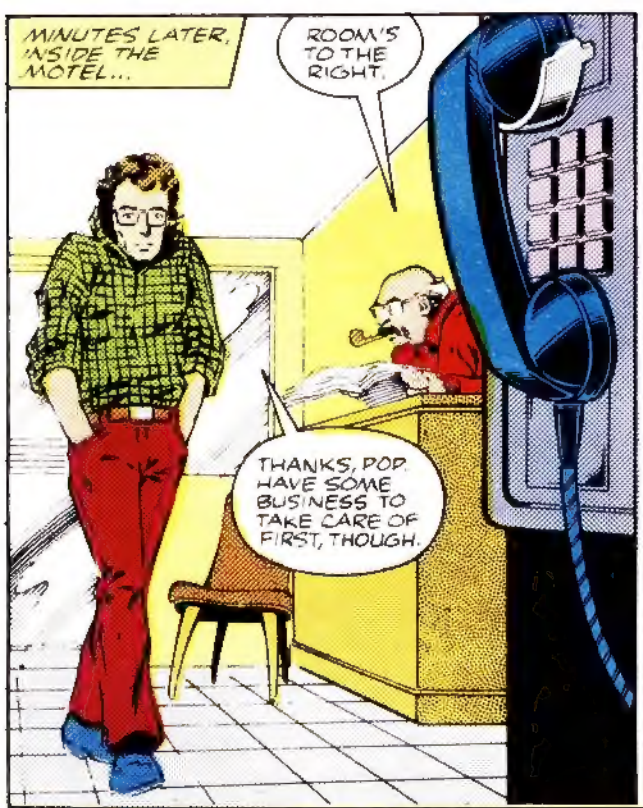
GET IN, DONNY! WHILE EVERYONE ELSE IS PREOCCUPIED, WE'RE SLIPPING OUT OF HERE!
WHAT ABOUT SUPERION?


I CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR HIM. OPTIMUS PRIME'S ORDERS ARE CLEAR AND EXPLICIT--
--OUR MISSION COMES BEFORE ANY OTHER CONSIDERATIONS!


DAY TURNS INTO NIGHT, BUT DOWN FINKLEBERG'S THOUGHTS STAY THE SAME...
THE MISSION. THE MISSION. THE WAY THINGS HAVE GONE WE'VE GOT NEXT TO NO CHANCE OF COMPLETING THIS MISSION...
I CAN KISS MY MONEY GOODBYE.
...REPORTS THAT THE SELF-DESCRIBED MENASOR SPLIT INTO SEVERAL VEHICLES AND DISAPPEARED INTO TRAFFIC. REACHED AT HIS OFFICE TRIPLE-I OFFICER WALTER BARNETT HAD NO COMMENT.
HMMM...
AT LEAST THE DECEPTICONS STOPPED THEIR RAMPAGE. NO NEED TO GO ON EMBARRASSING ME I GUESS.


YEAH, BETWEEN THAT AND SUPE GETTING CONKED THIS'LL GO DOWN AS A BANNER DAY IN AUTOBOT HISTORY.
I'M...UH...TIRED, LET'S FIND A MOTEL.
BUT ANY FURTHER DELAY COULD RESULT IN--
I'M NOT WILLING TO ARGUE THE POINT. I'M BUSHED!
ALL RIGHT


TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
IT SURE AIN'T THE PLAZA
YOUR SHOW OF APPRECIATION IS INSPIRING
SARCASM ILL-BECOMES YOU, SKIDS.
MOTEL VACANCY



BARNETT? THIS IS FINKLEBERG. HOW MUCH WOULD A TRANSFORMER BE WORTH TO YOU, NO FUSS, NO MUSS, SLEEPING LIKE A BABY? JUST SEND A TOW TRUCK.
FIFTY GRAND?
REALLY?

NEXT: THE GIFT!